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The People.

SPECIAL EDITION.

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MR. BONAR LAW'S GRAVE ILLNESS.

PREMIER RETURNS TO LONDON.

TO STAY AT PRIVATE HOUSE
ON MEDICAL ADVICE.

THROAT TROUBLE WORSE

PHYSICIAN CALLS IMMEDIATELY ON THE
ARRIVAL HOME.

Mr. Bonar Law returned to London from Paris yesterday on the advice of his physician, Sir Thomas Horder.

The Premier, whose condition is more serious than it was at first thought, will go to a private residence and be under the care of his medical man. His future plans will depend entirely upon a report to be made shortly with regard to his health.

Accompanied by Mr. L. S. Amery, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Davidson, his Parliamentary Secretary, and Mr. Richard Law, his son, Mr. Bonar Law looked rather pale and tired when he reached London.

He was seen almost immediately upon his arrival by his physician. Absolute rest and freedom from political activity has been ordered and for the next few days it is unlikely that the Premier will see any of his Cabinet colleagues.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE news of Mr. Bonar Law's relapse came as a painful shock to the whole community, and will evoke universal sympathy. There is reason to fear that the state of his health gives cause for anxiety.

The Prime Minister returned to London yesterday on the advice of his physician, the eminent Harley-st. consultant, Sir Thomas Horder, who went to Paris to examine the patient on Wednesday, and the public wait anxiously to know the verdict of the further diagnosis which will take place without delay. It is sincerely hoped that the news will not give cause for alarm.

Not only in this country, but throughout the Empire, and the world, profound regret will be felt at this grave turn in regard to the Prime Minister's health.

Mr. Bonar Law's high character and his sterling honesty inspire confidence. His withdrawal from the leadership at this time would be a national calamity. The nation can ill afford the loss of his wise guidance at this juncture, just when his policy of appeasement is bearing fruit.

He assumed power without seeking it, but felt some misgivings regarding his physical fitness to carry the strain.

His personality and policy have already exercised a beneficial influence on public affairs, and Mr. Bonar Law has the best wishes and sympathy of men of all parties.

Mr. Bonar Law is a man of great courage and determination. If after another diagnosis it is found that his illness is such that he must fight it with greater courage, he will be equal to the emergency.

Devotion to Duty.

In any event he will, whatever decision as to the future he comes to, be influenced not by his own interests, but by guided solely by his sense of public duty.

Mr. Bonar Law is the essence of unselfishness, and his sincerity and devotion to duty have won for him the admiration and affection of all those who have become associated with him and the confidence of the whole nation. He has had exceptional difficulties to overcome since he assumed the premiership; he has triumphed by force of character and his sound common sense. He showed sound judgment in forming his Government, and gauged well public opinion in shaping his policy.

The story of the unexpected development of his illness may be briefly stated. The Prime Minister, according to plan, arrived at the French watering-place of Aix-les-Bains direct from Geneva with the intention of staying there until the end of this week; he was then to travel home quietly, stopping at the seaside resort of Le Touquet, near Boulogne, and arriving in London next week so as to be able to take his place in the House of Commons when Parliament resumes. Early last week Mr. Bonar Law felt that the sea voyage, while his voice was somewhat improved, had not brought him much benefit. He was depressed and far from fit. His friends feared that he was worse than

he felt. A telegram was sent from Aix to Sir Thomas Horder to meet him in Paris on Wednesday last.

Mr. Bonar Law went to Paris and stayed at the Hotel Crillon, which was the headquarters of British Ministers on their visits to France during the war. He remained practically indoors all the time, going out only for occasional motor drives and to restaurants for meals.

Disappointing Report.

French specialists were called in, and, together with Sir Thomas Horder, gave a disappointing report of the Prime Minister's condition.

There was no question of his returning to Aix for further treatment, and, acting on the advice of Sir Thomas Horder, he returned to London last night.

Mr. Bonar Law did not go to his official residence in Downing-st., where innumerable messages and telegrams of sympathy have been arriving, demonstrating at the same time the public anxiety which exists with regard to his health, and also the high esteem in which he is held. He is staying at a private house in London.

A definite announcement will be made with regard to his health almost immediately, and Mr. Bonar Law's future plans will depend entirely on that report.

It is of course, premature to enter into any political speculations at this stage. It is now realised that Mr. Bonar Law has never completely recovered from his illness of two years ago.

He carried on untiringly and uncompromisingly in office and under a heavy strain long after he should have sought rest and repose. The result was a very serious breakdown in his health, and on Sir Thomas Horder's imperative advice he resigned his office and the leadership of the Conservative Party.

He remained quietly in retirement until October last. He felt entirely recovered, and obtained a true bill of health from his doctor before he re-entered the political arena.

He did not neglect the responsibility of resuming the leadership of the Party and accepting the office of Prime Minister, but, as a patriot, he shrank from evading his duty.

When he was elected leader of the Party in October, 1922, he feared that it would not be possible for him to endure the strain indefinitely, and he reserved to himself the right to judge as to whether the burden which he was then undertaking was too big or not for him.

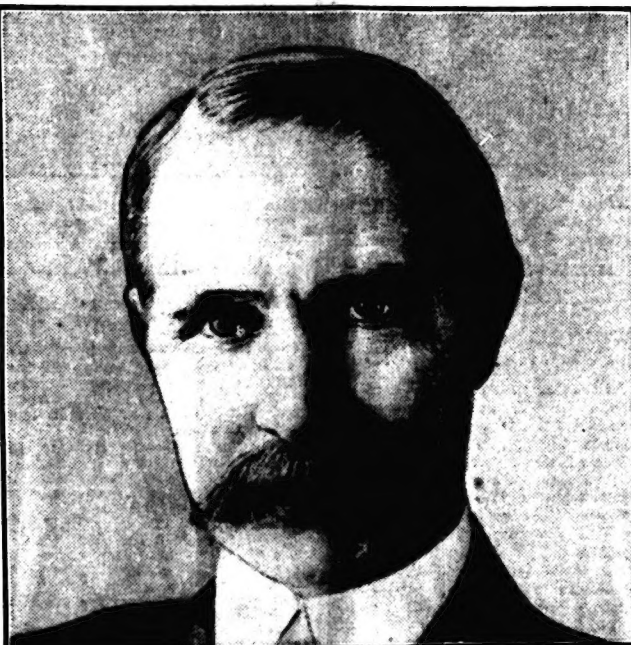
A New Illness.

While Mr. Bonar Law after his long rest, had greatly improved in health, he was at that time not certain whether it was absolutely restored to such an extent that he could sustain the premiership and the leadership of the Party with that intensity of devotion to duty which he always felt he should give. The moment that a new illness overtook him in April last, his sensitive nature asserted itself. It filled him with a feeling of depression, which he has experienced ever since.

Apparently he was only suffering from a relaxed throat—a common ailment of public men. He left for Torquay during the Easter holidays and returned immediately afterwards feeling much improved. At that time no one thought that there was any question of Mr. Bonar Law resigning, and he never contemplated such a step himself.

His general health was good, but he said himself that he would not remain a dumb Prime Minister.

(Continued in next column.)



MR. BONAR LAW.

MARRIED ON HIS DEATH BED.

**PATHTIC LAST REQUEST
OF COLLIERY VICTIM.**

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Swansea, Saturday.
A pathetic death-bed romance was described at an inquest held here to-day on Rees Rees (29), a screener at Cilfrow Colliery, who received fatal injuries when his coat was caught in the shafting.

While in the hospital Rees expressed a wish to be married to his fiancée, Miss Florence Stevens, of Neath, and the ceremony was duly performed at his bedside, special licence having been obtained.

Rees, who had held on almost miraculously to life until his wish had been carried out, sank immediately after, dying within a few hours.

The dead man was a prominent member of the local Y.M.C.A., and a well-known cricket and tennis player.

A verdict of accidental death was returned.

RAFFLES GETS BUSY.

**CRACKSMAN'S BRISK CAMPAIGN
IN EAST KENT.**

During the past few days a number of daring jewel robberies have been carried out in East Kent.

A well-dressed man, who engaged rooms at a private hotel on Folkestone Leas, disappeared suddenly, and later the loss of jewellery, worth over £100, and other articles was discovered. The same man is suspected of being responsible for several considerable hauls at Broadstairs and Shorncliffe last week. He is probably also the man who broke into a large house at Hythe, and, being disturbed, jumped out of a window.

Jewellery worth £500 was recently stolen from a private residence at Folkestone.

(Continued from previous column.)

He remained at home in Downing-st., making occasional visits to the country to play tennis. His voice improved. He was yearning to get back to the House of Commons, but he found that while he could transact business in Downing-st., he was not able to assume active leadership in Parliament.

After staying at home for about two weeks without making much material improvement, he obtained permission from the King to go abroad for a short sea voyage. He left on April 27 for Genoa, accompanied by his son, Mr. Richard Bonar Law, who is an undergraduate at Oxford, and on arrival at Genoa he was met by his Parliamentary Secretary and devoted friend, Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, M.P. The party then proceeded at once to Aix-les-Bains.

Sir Thomas Horder.

Sir Thomas Horder is one of the leading physicians of Harley-st. He has been Mr. Bonar Law's medical adviser for some time.

It was under Sir Thomas Horder's advice that, two years ago, Mr. Bonar Law resigned his position in the Coalition Government and took a long and complete rest. Mr. Bonar Law at that time was suffering from high blood pressure and was also generally run down.

Sir Thomas Horder is assistant physician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital and physician at the Cancer Hospital, Fulham. He has made many contributions to medical science, and holds a very high position as a consultant.

EARL'S SECRET WEDDING.

**REVEALED AFTER
HIS DEATH.**

7 YEARS' SILENCE.

WIFE AN ACTRESS.

An Earl's secret marriage seven years ago has only just been revealed.

Everyone thought that the Earl of Breadalbane, who died recently, was a bachelor. Even Debutts and other great authorities did not know the truth.

I now transcribe that on September 18, 1916, when he was a naval lieutenant, the Earl—then Iain Edward Herbert Campbell, described as of Bernard-st., W.C.—was married to Miss Laura Reeves-Hunt, of Marchmont-st., Bloomsbury.

The bride, a theatrical artist, was then 26 years of age.

In the marriage certificate the bridegroom was described as the son of John Campbell, a captain in the Cameron Highlanders. The bride's father, who was dead, was described as a building contractor.

The Earl of Breadalbane succeeded to the title last October on the death of his uncle.

KNOWN TO FAMILY.

Apparently the marriage was not unknown to the Breadalbane family, for in 1918 Lady Margaret Campbell, the Earl's mother, before he succeeded to the title, announced in an advertisement that "I am not and do not intend in any way to make myself responsible for any debts that may be incurred by or on behalf of my son, Iain Edward Herbert Campbell, either for himself or by his wife, Marie Laura Campbell."

The late Earl was always delicate, and he died after a long illness at a Bournemouth nursing home. His wife was constantly at his bedside, and was known as Mrs. Campbell.

The widow and the mother took the body to Scotland, where it was buried. The Scottish seat of the family is Craig Dalnally, Argyllshire.

According to the reference books, the new Earl is Captain Charles William Boreland Campbell, M.C., R.F.A., son of the late Major-General Charles W. B. Campbell. He was born in 1889, and married in 1918 Armorer Romer, daughter of Mr. Romer Williams. They live at Florio Manor, Weedon, Northants, and have a son, born in 1919.

BANDITS' ULTIMATUM.

**THREAT TO SHOOT TWO OF
THEIR CAPTIVES.**

Tsao Chuang, Saturday.
Mr. Berube (previously given as Bombe) was to-day released by the bandits who recently derailed the Tientsin-Pukow express.

He will journey to Peking to present an ultimatum to the Government from the bandits, who threaten that unless the troops are withdrawn by Tuesday next two of the British-American captives will be shot.—Reuter.

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

The Duke and Duchess of York, who have returned from their brief stay at Glamis Castle, Forfarshire, are spending Whitsun at Frogmore House, Windsor. The King has lent this residence to them until their home, White Lodge, Richmond Park, is ready for occupation.

BULLDOG FIXED IN BOX.

**R.S.P.C.A. INSPECTOR'S
STATEMENT.**

Thomas Coghill, 27, Low-st., Keighley, Yorkshire, did not appear to answer a charge at Melksham, Wiltshire, yesterday, of having caused a bulldog unnecessary suffering.

The dog was found dead in a box at Melksham Station.

Inspector Easdown, R.S.P.C.A., said the animal was packed in the box in such a way that it could not move at all, and he could not drag it out. Its head was jammed in one corner and its jaw was bruised. "I am of the opinion," said the inspector, "that the dog was forced into a box because it was resting on its knuckles as though it had been trussed. The box was only suitable for a terrier."

The defendant wrote expressing regret, and the bench decided to give him another chance to appear before them.

AFTER 12 MONTHS.

**MISSING MAN FOUND 15 MILES
FROM HOME.**

Over twelve months ago Charles Cox, aged 55, disappeared from his home at South Mersham, Surrey, and for weeks afterwards the surrounding neighbourhood was scoured for him in vain. His wife and family gave up all hope of seeing him again.

It was discovered only yesterday that he was in the workhouse infirmary at Sundridge, in the neighbouring county of Kent, only 15 miles from his home.

Charles Cox, the man's only son, was told by a woman that his father was in the infirmary.

With his mother and an aunt he motored to Sundridge, and found his father there.

It was stated that Mr. Cox was found on May 4 last year wandering about the lanes of Kent.

Later he remembered that his home was "somewhere near Redhill."

MAIL ROBBERY.

**SEVENTEEN BAGS MISSING
FROM SHIP.**

When the American liner Minnehaha arrived at Plymouth yesterday, it was found that 17 mail bags were missing from a consignment sent from New York.

A number of registered letters are believed to have been amongst those stolen. It is supposed that the mails were tampered with before shipment.

WARMING UP FOR WHITSUN.

**HAPPIEROMENS FOR
THE HOLIDAY.**

CLOUDS AND CROWDS.

CARNIVAL SPIRIT.

Generally overcast, with bright periods; light showers probable; moderate temperature.

This is the best the Clerk of the Weather can promise for the Whitsun Holiday.

At its worst, it is probably better than most people ventured to anticipate after a week of whipping winds and shrewish snow showers.

The improvement is due to an anticyclone which has formed over the Atlantic, and the further outlook depends on whether it decides or not to "come in out of the wet." Meanwhile the depression in the North which is responsible for the dirty work of the last fortnight still refuses to budge, and the consequence is the rather dubious meteorological mixture described in the official prophecy.

Yesterday's scenes, however, were enough to give the most stubborn of "depressions" something to think about. Whitsun is the first of the "pukka" summer holidays, and London yesterday morning seethed with eager crowds bent on escape into the open air of holiday resorts.

UP, THE TRIPPERS!

In spite of the alleged scarcity of money, expensive holiday programmes were tackled in light-hearted fashion, and all the great stations were teeming with trippers.

The exodus began early in the day, and harassed porters were kept on the run continuously until the evening.

Every tube train, motor bus and tramcar carried its additional load of holiday-makers. The folk over them at the doors, sat or stood at awkward angles, and occasionally found them, like "greenhorns," thrust upon one unaware. But nobody grumbled.

Tipping, a sign equally of good humour and prosperity, was more general than has been the case at previous holidays since the war.

Countryside and river resorts attracted exceptional numbers of people.

(Continued in Page 2.)

That Kruschen Feeling!

They didn't bargain for Grandpa!

"Great strength rings the bell, and you get your money back." But now they're wishing they hadn't egged the old boy on.

He always gets his full money's worth in life, because he's always in the high spirits that are the reward of overflowing health.

What keeps him so fit and jolly? It's no secret. Each day he tips into his breakfast cup of tea just as much of the magic crystals as will lie on a sixpence—the little tasteless dose of Kruschen that means so much.

He knows that good health depends mainly on the clearness and vitality of the blood stream. He knows that his

system needs something to counteract the ill-effects of insufficient fresh air and exercise, of worry, overwork, errors of diet, and so forth—something that will stimulate the liver and kidneys to a proper performance of their duty, clear all impurities from the body, and send new, refreshed blood coursing through the veins.

He knows, too, that that "something" is Kruschen Salts.

"That Kruschen feeling" makes true sportsmen of us all, whether at work or at play. There are 96 morning "pinches" in a 19 bottle, a three months' supply. Get a bottle at once and start to-morrow. You take your pleasures gladly when you take that daily dose!



Grandpa, all his muscles steeling, knows them with "that Kruschen feeling!"

BRIGHTER SUNDAES.

WHAT YOU MUST DO TO BE IN THE FASHION.

After Brighton London the "Brighter Sundae" movement! "Sundae" is a kind of ice-cream drink introduced into this country from the States. They soon became popular, but since Lyons specialists in them they have become a fashion.

A super-chef has been installed at the new Corner House in Coventry-st., who has experimented with various fruits, home-grown and tropical, until he has a book with 3,000 recipes, which include every shade and flavour it is possible to imagine.

It is now "quite the thing" to visit the new Corner House and indulge in a "bright Sundae."

GREAT EPIDEMIC OF DEADLY CATARRH (CHRONIC GOLD IN THE HEAD).

10 DAYS' TRIAL OF MARVELLOUS NEW REMEDY.

SEND A POST-CARD TO-DAY.

A VERITABLE epidemic of Catarrh is sweeping the British Isles at present. Our treacherous climate scores again.

Are YOU a victim of this dangerous ailment? If so, don't neglect it. It is a matter of life and death. Write to me today for a 10 days' trial of my well-known "Shirley System," which will give you immediate relief and lasting cure. I have specified in the treatment, relief, and cure of this distressing and endangering condition for many years, and I would strongly advise every sufferer to give my system a personal trial just now. The symptoms are easy for anyone to diagnose.

- If you are liable to recurring colds.
- If your head feels "stuffy" and congested.
- If you have frontal headaches.
- If you suffer from difficulty of hearing.
- If your nostrils are clogged or "running."
- If you suffer from "stuffy" head noises.
- If your eyes are "watery."
- If "crusts" form in the nose.
- If your mouth and throat are dry and painful.
- If you expectorate often.
- If your sense of smell is impaired.
- If your breath is "bad" and your mouth "dirty."
- If you have pain over the eyes.

or if you have a dry, hot skin, and alternate fits of heat and cold, you are almost certainly suffering from Catarrh.

Before you realise that Catarrh is dangerous, it not only causes much suffering and distress, but it has a high rate of mortality, because the slimy and poisonous mucus flows downwards, especially during sleep, into the stomach, intestines, and other organs, causing Malnutrition, Indigestion, and a Catarrhal condition of the whole system, which leads to such deadly ailments as Gastric Catarrh, Intestinal Catarrh, and even Consumption.

If you are in the grip of Catarrh, don't delay, but write to me today for a

10 DAYS' TRIAL OF THE "SHIRLEY SYSTEM."

and see how soon it will save you from the miseries and risks of Catarrh in all its forms, including Catarrhal Indigestion and Gastric Catarrh.

It will bring you relief from the very first. The stuffed passages get clear, easy nasal breathing follows, headache disappears, Headaches, too, become things of the past, and your whole system is completely cleared of the poisonous and slimy mucus. It will lift the crushing burden of Catarrh from your shoulders like magic.

SEND ME NO MONEY! Just post your name and address to me TODAY in a postcard, and receive a 10 days' Trial of my Shirley System. No matter how often you have been disappointed before, or how long you have suffered, don't despair, and you have received my wonderful Treatment. Address: Shirley System, 20, Great Inn Road (C202), London, W.C1.

Don't Miss This!

THE attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement on Page Seven of this paper of a remarkable offer that cannot fail to interest all who are disabled or who suffer from Catarrh.

With a wonderful record of accredited cures, the makers of the Shirley System, for the treatment of Catarrh, are extending a Free and Generous offer, which anybody who has Catarrh can prove that this famous discovery will do for him or her.

For the information of those who are interested, we may state that the Shirley System, Co., Ltd., 20, Chancery Lane, London, W.C2, enjoys an enviable reputation for fair and honest dealing with the hundreds of thousands of catarrh sufferers, and their patients. Nobody who can benefit by their generous offer should fail to read their advertisement.

ANARCHIST LINKS SENTENCED.

ALIENS' LONDON PLOTS "WHOLE GENERATION IS BEING DEBAUCHED."

-Mr. Cairns.

An interesting sidelight on the methods and organisation of world revolutionaries was afforded by yesterday's proceedings at the Thames Police Court, when Kovsi Istaven and Fritz Gueza, said to be couriers who formed links in a world-wide "revolutionary chain," were sentenced to six months' hard labour each and recommended for deportation, for the offence of landing in this country without the permission of the alien immigration authorities.

The men were described as either Austrians or Hungarians, and it was stated that Istaven was a journalist, the other man being described as an organiser.

A book found on Istaven and produced in court was said to contain entries showing that the men had visited well-known revolutionaries, and that Gueza had addressed a Communist meeting at Islington. This latter allegation Gueza denied.

Mr. Cairns, in passing sentence, remarked that he had hoped that those associated with the prisoners in this country would have stood by them in their trouble.

"It may be, perhaps, that the ideals of the new world were to rule out the old ideals of chivalry and esprit de corps," he concluded, "but in view of the fact that there is no challenge of the police report which I have given, prisoners and their friends an opportunity of challenging. I have no alternative but to accept the conclusion that they are dangerous revolutionaries with the ideals of a world without poverty and without distress."

"If those are their ideals I am enamoured, but the methods employed lead to disorders more dangerous than the violation of the economic law."

"I am of opinion that the whole generation of youth is being debauched by these methods, and the moral consequences are the most disastrous of all."

"REDS" MORE ACTIVE.

AGENTS SMUGGLED INTO ENGLISH PORTS

A representative of "The People" was informed last evening that a special section of the political department of Scotland Yard have recently traced considerable new activities of Continental, Australian and American revolutionaries in this country.

A fortnight ago, for instance, a quantity of revolutionary propaganda was found on a steamer arriving in the Thames docks from Antwerp. The police are also in possession of photographs of several Communist agents, who, by means of stowaway facilities, have been travelling between this country and European ports.

B.G. BLAZE.

Five-Storey Building Gutted in Danger Zone.

Extensive damage was caused yesterday afternoon by a fire in a building occupied by Messrs. A. Boom and Co., manufacturers of ladies' wear, of 1, Bacterfield-st., City.

The fire broke out shortly before 4.30 on the ground floor, and in a short time the whole building, comprising five storeys, was involved. No one was on the premises at the time.

The fire was in the danger zone, and a district call brought a large force of fire engines, under Commander Freckage. Within about an hour the fire was subdued, but the building was practically gutted.

DROPPED DEAD IN STATION.

A London salesman named William Cooper, employed by the Army and Navy Stores, and living at Battersea Bridge, dropped dead on the Great Western station platform at Gloucester yesterday afternoon on his way to Salisbury. He is said to have been treated in London for heart trouble.



Two "Lyonesses" out to win in the tug-of-war at the Lyons Club annual athletic meeting, held at Sudbury yesterday.

"MERRY WIDOW'S" RETURN.

WONDERFUL RECEPTION FOR THE NEW SONIA.

A reunion that will long be remembered in the annals of London's theatrical life took place last night at Daly's Theatre, when "The Merry Widow" was revived.

How keen were some people to welcome the play is evinced by the fact that the queues started to form at 4 a.m. yesterday. The theatre was packed to the overflow at 8.15, and still the doors were besieged. The entrances of the various artists were greeted with vociferous cheers, and at the end of the first act no fewer than five curtains were taken.

Judging from her reception last night, the "Widow" is sure to make another long stay.

Lehar's popular musical play has lost none of its attraction during the passing years. Indeed, had it not been that, with the exception of George Graves, there were all new faces in the cast, we could have imagined, last night's premiere to be that of 1907. All the familiar airs went with a swing, and there was laughter and applause all the way.

SONIA'S SUCCESS.

The new "widow" is Evelyn Laye, who, if she does not succeed in effacing the memory of Lily Elsie's fascinating performance, makes a very engaging figure of Sonia, the merry, youthful, millionaire's widow. She sings, dances, and acts with vivacity, and has become a much more finished artist. Carl Brisson, in Joe Byrne's old part of Prince Danilo, made an instant success. His attractive personality is admirably suited to the role of the dissolute young prince. Ivy Tremand, as Fricka, takes the part originally played by Genevieve Ray. It need scarcely be said that Miss Tremand made the most of her opportunities.

George Graves's Baron Popoff remains a power of strength. If anything, he is funnier than ever, and the house rocked with laughter at his merry quips and cracks.

BENEDICT'S OWN M.P.

LABOUR CLAIM TO REWARD OF THE DUNMOW FLITCH.

Mr. T. E. Groves, Labour Member for the Stratford division of West Ham, and his wife are candidates for the Dunmow Flitch, the reward for conjugal felicity to be given at the popular flitch week to be held at Ilford to-morrow. The judge is Mr. Peter Stewart, and the contest for the flitchants the Rev.



Mr. and Mrs. Groves and Family.

Herbert Dunmow, the Labour Member for Consett, assisted by Miss Maggie Buckley, the Flitch will be defended by Mr. C. E. Grigby and Miss Elsie Potter. The jury consists of six bachelors and six spinsters. The Dunmow Flitch and the flitchants accompany it are two of the oldest village institutions in England.

DEATH OF LORD TREVOR.

Raised Volunteer Battalion for the War.

Lord Trevor died yesterday at 4. Prince-gate, S.W. He had been seriously ill for some months.

Arthur William Hill-Trevor, the second baron, was born in 1852, and was formerly lieutenant-colonel in the 1st Life Guards. He was twice married. During the war he raised the 1st Denbighshire Volunteer Regiment, and subsequently commanded the United Regiment of the East and West Battalions.

CLIMBING DOWN.

GERMANY'S PROBABLE NEW OFFER TO FRANCE.

(From a Special Correspondent.) It is expected that, taking the hint from the British reply to their last absurd proposal, the German Government will make a new offer on more reasonable lines.

France is ready to consider any genuine offer for a settlement, but the Germans must concede two indispensable conditions. First, cease passive resistance in the Ruhr and occupied territory. They must allow the French peaceful possession and facilitate the work of production. This, as an earnest of German good will, should be accompanied with a frank admission of their liabilities and more practical undertakings to meet them.

Granted that these two preliminary conditions are conceded, it will be found that the French Government will be ready to meet them in a fair, and even in a generous, spirit.

France is suffering much from the strain of the Ruhr occupation, but so long as the Germans maintain their stubborn attitude the French Government and the French people will not yield one jot from their demands.

Belgium is solidly behind France. The recent strike on the Belgian railways and public services was provoked by using German railwaymen to work the trains in the occupied territory. The collapse of the strike shows that the Belgian people are behind their Government. Trade in Belgium is suffering seriously from the occupation in the Ruhr. Shipping has almost disappeared from Antwerp and trade which was starting with Germany is completely cut off.

The Belgians, however, can never forget the treatment which they received during the war, not only because of the German occupation of their country, but also, and perhaps chiefly, because of the many thousands of Belgians who were condemned to industrial slavery in Germany for four years.

HOLIDAY WEATHER

(Continued from Page 1.)

and, indeed, all the beauty spots along the Thames presented delightful holiday pictures.

Bungalows on the higher reaches between Egham and Sunbury, where they are more numerous than ever this year, are rapidly being occupied. Many of the newer structures possess their own tennis courts, and the devotees of the game are out in full strength.

Several motor launches and yachts, making for the estuary, were noticeably numerous on the river, such craft, owing to relatively low prices, being now within the reach of people of moderate means.

There is no lack of near-to-home attractions to-morrow.

Hurst Park races, a magnificent holiday motor-racing programme at Brooklands, the pleasures of the river at Hampton, are all assured of popularity, while those who enjoy "life" at a free and easy Dickensian revel will find Hampstead Heath, with its roundabouts and carnival spirit, to their liking.

The Royal Sovereign, carrying a large complement of cherry holiday-makers, made her first trip of the season yesterday from the Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, to Southend and Margate, calling at Greenwich and Woolwich on the way.

The resorts did not fare well yesterday, as the following table will show:

Resort	Weather
Lowestoft	0.1 Overcast
Southend	0.3 Mainly overcast
Margate	0.4 Dull
Bournemouth	0.6 Mainly overcast
Eastbourne	0.2 Cloudy
Brighton	1.0 Mainly overcast
Bournemouth	0.8 Mainly cloudy
Torquay	0.7 Cloudy
Bude	0.8 Fair generally
Bournemouth	0.5 Fair generally

LONDON BREVITIES.

"Housing Agreement" is Prebendary Carli's topic this evening at the Monument Cinema Church.

Mr. A. Buchanan, J.P. (the "Worker's Searchlight"), will address the West Green Brotherhood at the Townhall, council school to-day at 3 p.m.

Haydn's "Imperial Mass" will be given with full orchestra at 6.30 p.m. to-day, at St. Clement Dane's Church, Strand.

The annual parade of the London Car Horse Parade Society will be held in Regent's Park to-morrow.

A continuous all-day entertainment will take place at the Alexandra Palace to-morrow. The attractions will include four hands, pirotechnics, fireworks, a ballroom and a skating rink.

END OF LIGHTNING 'BUS STRIKE.

SOUTHEND MEN RESUME WORK TO-DAY.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Southend, Saturday Night. Late to-night the Southend "busmen's lightning strike" was settled. Conditions of wages and hours were agreed upon to the satisfaction of both parties, and the motor "bus services" will be running on all routes to-morrow. The agreement is to be binding till next March.

The men, who are employed by the Westcliff Motor Services, Ltd., came out on strike at noon. For a long time past they have been dissatisfied with the conditions of their work, and last Easter a similar strike was threatened. The men state that improved conditions were agreed upon at Easter, but that ultimately the employers refused to sign the agreement. Drivers receive £3 5s. a week and conductors 35s.

The men complain about the hours as well as the wages. The company declared they were willing to negotiate with the men, and late in the day agreed to meet their representatives, which they did, with the result stated above.

DELAYED DINNERS.

The lightning strike affected the services between Southend and such places as Pitsea, Rayleigh, Rochford, Hockley, Hain, and Shoeburyness. At mid-day there were three vehicles waiting at Victoria Corner to go out. The passengers were told "All change," and the buses were taken back to the depot. As other vehicles came in, they, too, were driven to the depot.

Many hundreds of visitors to Southend from the outlying villages, mostly housewives who had come to do their week-end shopping, were stranded. They had hoped to get home with their laden baskets in time to cook a midday meal, but many dinners must have been long delayed, for after midday the shoppers were standing in long queues at the bus stopping-places.

STRIKE IN KENT.

The services of the Maidstone and District Motor Bus Company between Maidstone and Chatham and other parts of Kent were disorganised yesterday by a strike of drivers and conductors. A temporary service was run, and the attitude of the strikers led to a regrettable incident in the afternoon. It occurred opposite the chief bus station in Maidstone. One of the emergency drivers was pulled from his seat by some of the strikers and struck on the face. The man was afterwards taken home in the ambulance.

STREET ENDANGERED.

FIREMEN SAVE HOUSES IN £25,000 BLAZE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Llanelli, Saturday Night. Great damage was caused by a fire which broke out this afternoon at the timber yard of Messrs. Brown, Thomas and John, builders and contractors, in Robinson-st.

Very little could be done to save the building, and the firemen concentrated their attention on saving the adjoining houses. The roof of the building fell in, and a stiff breeze blowing fanned the flames to such an extent that rows of houses on both sides of the street were at one time threatened.

The loss is estimated at £25,000, and as a result of the fire 35 workmen will be out of employment.

DROWNED GIRL'S LETT R.

Sweetheart's "Best Friend" is His Motor.

Before drowning herself in the River Lea, Lillian Moody, aged 25, of Ruckstall, Shoreditch, E. London, wrote a letter to her sweetheart, a youth in a Borstal institution, in which she said: "I care what I have done come as a surprise to you, that is, if you mean what you say in your letter, although I don't doubt you, dear Jim."

But don't worry, take care of your self, look after your mother, as you have something to live for, as she is your best friend when in need of one. Hoping some luck will come to you in future.

The letter was read at the inquest at Walthamstow yesterday, when it was stated that the girl was depressed because she was afraid of losing her unemployment pay.

A verdict of "Suicide while temporarily insane" was returned.

TO-DAY'S MUSIC IN THE PARKS

Hands will play in the parks to-day as follows:—

Green Park: Scots Guards, 5.30 to 7.30 p.m.
Hyde Park: Royal Parks, 3 to 5 p.m. (and daily 3 to 5 and 7 to 10 p.m.); Coldstream Guards, 7 to 9 p.m.
Greenwich Park: 8th London Brigade R.F.C., 3 to 5 and 6.30 to 9 p.m.
Regent's Park: 1st Surrey Rifles, 3 to 5 and 6.30 to 9 p.m.
Richmond Park: Feltham Pioneers, 5.30 to 6.30 and 6.30 to 8.30 p.m.
Kensington Gardens: Kensington Volunteers, 3 to 5 and 6 to 8 p.m.
Buckwell Park: Camberwell Silver Band, 11.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.; London Fire Brigade from 6.30 p.m.
Victoria Park: G.P.O. Military, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.; L.A. Skepethorn's Military, from 6.30 p.m.
Finsbury Park: R.N.V.R. from 6.30 p.m.
Clapham Common: Comrades of the Great War, from 6.30 p.m.
Battersea Park: 1st Cadet Batt. K.R.R.C., from 6.30 p.m.

WHITSUN DAY TRIPS.

An extensive programme of day trips both for to-day and Bank Holiday has been arranged by the G.W.R. Trains will leave Paddington on both days for the Thames Valley resorts.

In addition, trips will be run to-morrow to Bath, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Reading and the Midlands. Several improvements to the railway will come into operation on Tuesday.

During the Swiss summer season an express will run from Calais to Rale in connection with the 2.40 p.m. local train from Victoria.

FOOD THAT DOES NOT FEED.

Defective Digestion is the Cause.

Countless numbers of people do not get proper nourishment from the food they eat, because their digestion is defective. And food that is undigested in the stomach is not only wasted, but it ferments and poisons your system, causing indigestion and sour risings in the throat, and unless you are careful you will become a chronic dyspeptic.

By tuning up the stomach so that it does the work that Nature intended it will remove the cause of the trouble. Nothing will more promptly restore the digestive organs than good new blood. Stomach, nerves and glands all depend on the blood, and when it gets watery they are at once weakened.

It is because of their action on the blood that Dr. Williams' pink pills have proved so useful in so many cases of indigestion. Ordinary medicines have failed. The new blood made by these pills tones up the digestive organs. The little improves you can eat with ease and get full nourishment from your food. Improve your digestion with Dr. Williams' pink pills now.

Chemists, or direct from address: Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

FREE—Write to J. D. Dept., 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, for free copy of instructive booklet, "What to Eat."



Make Cuticura Your Daily Toilet Soap

Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura. Soap and ointment. Cuticura is the ideal for the toilet as is also Cuticura Talcum for powdering and perfuming.

Small boxes 25c. Large boxes 50c. and 75c. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. London, C. & A. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere.



Don't neglect that RUN-DOWN feeling

That intense weariness and depression which always accompanies a Run-down condition, is a warning that you are exhausting your vitality quicker than you replace it.

Don't neglect this warning. Let Wingarnis give you a new strength, new energy, new blood, new nerve force, and new vitality.

Remember that Wingarnis is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-builder and a Nerve Invigorator, and also that over 10,000 doctors have recommended it.



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WHY LAUSANNE DRAGS ON.

THE REAL PERIL. DANGER OF A NEW TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

(By Our Diplomatic Correspondent)

The conference of Lausanne for the settlement of the Near Eastern problems, which concern chiefly Turkey and Greece, drags on. We read one day that there is progress towards a peaceful settlement, and the next that Turkey and Greece are contemplating war. The Conference is a continuation of the former meeting which, under Lord Curzon's leadership, made considerable progress in clearing out of the way outstanding differences between the Allies and Turkey. But the Turk adopted his usual policy of procrastination, and, greatly to his surprise, Lord Curzon returned and the Conference was suspended.

The Turk does not want an all-round settlement. True to his historic policy, he wants settlements with each country in order to play one off against the other and to put himself up for auction. Since the previous Conference Turkey has quarrelled with France. The Ankara Government has granted an oil concession to an American Syndicate in defiance of its treaty obligations and previous contracts with France.

CONCESSION HUNTING.
Every country represented at Lausanne, except England, has been caddling after concessions, with the result that the prestige of this country has constantly risen while the status of France has weakened.

There is now no prospect of France being able to withdraw her troops from Syria, which she has annexed, as she must be prepared to defend it against Turkish aggression.

The chief conflict at Lausanne, however, is between Turkey and Greece. Each wants reparation from the other, and neither will admit liability.

The Greeks have even threatened war, showing that they have forgotten the lesson of their last folly. The Greeks have no friends. They will get no help, and if they were to march an army into Thrace the Balkan countries would unite against them. The result would be the end of Greece and the re-entry of Turkey into Europe. There will be no peace at Lausanne unless the Greeks recognise that they are helpless for the time being, must be satisfied to keep what they have left, and endeavour to restore prosperity to their country.

There is one possibility which should not be ruled entirely out of account; the Turks and the Greeks might come together if neither of them come to terms with the Allies, and this might be followed by an alliance with Germany.

The remaining difficulties, apart from the Greek position, are the future of Constantinople and the problem of the Capitulations—that is, the right of foreign countries to exercise jurisdiction over their own subjects in Constantinople.

Anything, therefore, may happen; the outlook is certainly not hopeful. The Conference may drag on for a long time; it may break up or be postponed.

The surest way to lay the foundations of peace in the Near East is a settlement between England and France on the Ruhr. That would mean also a complete reunion of France, Belgium and Italy with England.

SILENT HUSBAND.

NO WORD SPOKEN TO WIFE FOR THREE YEARS.

Mrs. Ada Matilda Diver, of Forest Hill, London, who was granted a decree nisi in the Divorce Court against her husband, George Henry Diver, told the judge that for three years and two months not a word had passed between her and her husband.

Mrs. Diver said her husband came home regularly for his mid-day meal. He just sat down and ate silently and walked out again.

Misconduct was proved with another woman, and the judge, in granting the decree and costs, held that Mr. Diver's unusual conduct amounted to desertion.



Mrs. Diver.

TRAIN MYSTERY.

SHIP STEWARD REVEALS HIS IDENTITY.

A singular mystery was partially cleared up yesterday, when a young man who has been lying in Billerica infirmary since he was found unconscious in a train at Shenfield, was persuaded by a nurse to disclose his name as Edward Philip Garlick, aged 15, of Stanley-road, New Southgate.

It was further gathered that he was a steward on board a ship, but was taken ill and sent home. On the way from Tilbury he had a fit, and was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, when he was discharged about a week ago.

Garlick is still very ill, but out of danger. His mother, who has been notified, visited him in the Billerica infirmary yesterday.

NIGHT RIDE FATALITY.

While motor-cycling with a woman companion during the night, Leslie Dredge, of Kingston-on-Thames, crashed into a stationary lorry near Cobham, Surrey. It is thought that the driver of the lorry was attending to his rear lamp at the time. Dredge succumbed to his injuries in Cobham Hospital; the woman lies in a critical condition, while the lorry driver, James Older, of St. George's, New Malden, Surrey, sustained severe injuries.

WHY SERVANTS ARE SCARCE.

SHOP & FACTORY BETTER THAN BASEMENTS.

The committee of women appointed by the Labour Ministry to consider the problem of the dearth of domestic servants, and to what extent it is affected by the "dole," are faced with the fact that in London alone there are 34,000 unemployed women, while the Labour Exchanges offer 1,000 vacancies to resident domestics.

Mrs. Parker of the Leeds Employment Exchange gave the following reasons as the chief causes of the disinclination of girls to "enter service."

Wearing of a uniform.
Music-hall jokes about the maid-of-all-work.

Feeling that her status is lost.
Not so "respectable" as shop-girl or typist.

Nagging mistresses.
The predominant demand in London, said Miss Gardner, Chief Woman Officer of the South-Eastern Division of the Ministry of Labour, is for the single-

handed maid or for maids for households where two are kept, both of whom have to turn their hands to general work.

The chief difficulties in meeting the demand are—
Late dinners.
Basement kitchens.
Too many stairs and passages.
Increased demand for waitresses and shop assistants.



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STIGMA OF BEING HALF-ENGLISH.



The country cottage in Cornwall referred to by D. Tiesing, seen on right with her child.

WOMAN'S POIGNANT LOVE STORY.

THE COLOUR BAR.

"LOOK! THE BEAUTIFUL EURASIAN."

ONLY those who have suffered on the writer of the following life-story has done, can realise the terrible handicap of being an Eurasian, although English in ideals and habits and living in England.

Here is the case of a woman whose father was an Indian student of high rank and her mother a cultured Englishwoman, but because her Asiatic traits are patent to everyone she has never been able to escape that terrible taint "Half-Caste."

By DIANA TIESING.

I, as an Eurasian, was tremendously interested in the case of little Doris Hawkes, who was recently brought back from India because foster parents to whom she was being turned out to be Eurasians.

I myself have endured so much of the Hell of this life of mixed race, where you belong neither to the coloured people nor to the white, that I have no hesitation in upholding the authorities' action as in the interests of the little white girl whose connection with Eurasians, however worthy and kind, might have ruined her life and placed her "beyond the pale" as I, through no fault of my own, have been placed.

Think of the problems accruing in the throwing of an English child into an Eurasian environment. I, as a half-English woman, have faced them all, and come out broken, unsatisfied, with doubts and uncertainties.

Born in England.

There is the question of religion, that of marriage, that of national status, dress, customs, social standing, education, companions—endless, endless question in which the East and the West conflict.

What I, as a half-English Eurasian, have come up against in childhood, this little English girl would have come up against as the adopted daughter of East and West.

An Eurasian knows black and white alike—may marry either. In the social life among us coloured and white elements enter. We entertain everyone who will know us, whatever their colour, in self-defence in our loneliness. I remember so well my first introduction into the life of my people. I was born in England. My mother was a cultured Englishwoman, my father an Indian student of high rank. After the fire of their love had died down my parents separated. My mother took a dislike to me because of my mixed race—my black eyes and white skin, in so great contrast to her own fairness. I have never seen her, except at a distance, since my childhood.

I was sent to Eurasian foster-parents, by whom I was brought up till the age of 19 on an allowance sent regularly, without letter or inquiry, by my mother.

My Foster-Parents.

They were good people, my foster-parents, but they were tarred with the same brush as they tarred me. They had children—some of them fair, and to all appearance English—some of them as dark as I myself, with hair as black as a raven's back.

The friends who came to our house—what a curious company they were! There was the old negro I used to call "Uncle Dick," who used to jog me on his knee and bring thrilling stories of pink and white candy in his pockets, and there was the Eurasian boxer "C," who would amuse himself teaching my tiny hands to "guard" and "attack" and "punch to the point," while he knelt on the hearth-rug to parry. There was the old woman who kept the delicatessen—a German of pronounced racial pride, who only visited us at all because my foster father could get her catering done at half the price of anyone else in the neighbourhood.

"Half-Castes!"

And then the white dock labourers, the girls of questionable type, those little negro boys, and later, when we moved to the neighbourhood of the docks, the lascivious children and small thimblets who came, with one or two white boys and girls, to play with my foster brothers and sisters on Saturdays and Sundays.

That house was like a Tower of Babel at moments, and my foster mother, good, honest soul, with the wistful eyes and broad generosity of her, would bake us little cakes for tea with currants in, and left doughy and indigestible in the middle. We lived as artisans—but artisans who had no place in the nearby "pub," who were not welcome at the Liberal Club—whose comings and goings were met, sometimes, by "cuts" from their friends.

For next, I shall have to tell you of my life as a half-English Eurasian, and of the many hardships and struggles I have had to face.

acquire, that I might lose the sense of need for human companionship—even there the fate of the Half-Caste pursued me.

I met a man—an Englishman and a gentleman—who was attracted by my mysterious-looking personality. We met on the cliffs, day after day, and gradually our friendship grew to love.

I thought my cup of happiness was filled to the brim. I gave him my heart and my soul: the whole fire of my mixed race was thrown into my love for him. He asked me to marry him, and I consented.

Then came the fight between my conscience and my love. Must I tell him the secret of my birth?

Day by day I was on the verge of confession. Time after time the fateful words were on the tip of my tongue, but as I gazed into those rapt, joyous eyes of my lover, something whispered to me: "Don't tell him—don't tell him. It is every woman's birthright to be happy once."

The days passed on wings. My happiness was marred only by the dread of those words which must eventually come. What would their effect be? My dread made a coward of me. I told him nothing, and, with my lips still sealed, I married. At last I had secured a legal title to the country of my mother—and with it the devotion and companionship of the man I loved.

It was just before the birth of my little daughter, when my husband and I were sitting together in our new home in London, that the nagging of my conscience got too much for me. Hiding my head on his shoulder, my heart beating like a sledge-hammer, I blurted out the truth.

My husband staggered away from me as though he had been shot. His first thought was not for me, nor for himself, but for the child who was to be born to us.

"My child," he shouted. "My child may be a coloured woman!"

The Future.

That evening remains a nightmare in my memory. He, the fairest of men, the most temperate, turned round and spurned me. I had coloured blood in my veins. It did not count that that blood was century-old stock, of fine, noble warrior stock—it did not count that Africa and my father's land were sons apart. He went away—out of my life for ever.

A month later a daughter was born to me. She was Eurasian. And so the fate of the Half-Caste has pursued me. I, who have the fine sensibilities of the white, am banned because, sluggish in my veins, a thin stream of Eastern blood mixes with that of the West.

My daughter is three years old. She and I live in one room in a great merciless city, eking out our lonely existence as best we may. Friends we have, but they are few, for I have determined that she and I have done with Eurasia. That she may be educated among English girls in the traditions of her father and of her outcast mother, I am saving and saving such money as I earn.

Now, under 30, a widow and a mother, I have a life without hope before me, and even yet among the men I meet, those come whose eyes, when they rest on me, take fire, with that peculiar fire I learnt to recognise in Dockland, and they murmur to each other—

"Look! The beautiful Eurasian." "We are branded and badged. The meeting of East and West in us, for some obscure reason, brings its slight from the eyes of the world. Let East and West remain apart, and little English children remain away from those problems which come with the meeting of the paths. In the realm of Eurasians they will never find Peace."

TAKES THE SIGH OUT OF SCIATICA

Also stops the pain from Gout, Lumbago, Neuritis, Inflammatory Rheumatism or other stiffness and a swellings. Does it all within ten minutes, too, says

W. G. EAST,
Cambridge Coach for 30 years.

I ONCE thought internal dragging with opiates or narcotic, and stomach-upsetting medicines was the only way we could expect to stop acute rheumatic pains and uric acid disorders, such as gout, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, gravel, etc., etc. I never found it to afford more than temporary relief, however, and after my experience of *Keating's* I know that my previous theories were quite wrong. The remarkable curative effects produced by *Keating's* is sufficient for two or three weeks' treatment, and two of those oxygenated and medicated baths a week for this period are all that even the most severe cases usually require for a cure. The formula for this natural curative compound is derived from the official analyses of waters from several famous spas, whose medicinal properties the compound exactly reproduces. One hot salted water will stop any rheumatic or gouty pain in a few minutes. A permanent cure is only a matter of a little perseverance, as victims to the spas know from experience. At night, just before retiring, is the best time to take these baths for sciatica or rheumatism, and they will not only ensure a sound, restful night's sleep, but also stop or prevent colds, influenza, chills and other ill-effects of exposure to inclement weather, etc.

FREE PATTERNS

Two Dainty Camisoles
GIVEN INSIDE THIS WEEK'S
WOMAN'S LIFE

Now on sale, THREEPENCE.
If you are unable to visit a shop, send 3d. in stamps to: The Editor, *Woman's Life*, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Trade Mark. BORN 1847.

It is the only medicine for all the ailments of the skin, such as eczema, psoriasis, etc., etc.

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

It brings all the morbid matter to the surface, and keeps it there until it is completely healed. It is the only ointment for all the ailments of the skin, such as eczema, psoriasis, etc., etc.

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STRENGTH and HONESTY

THE village smithy has a perpetual fascination for the kiddies. They love watching the mighty smith mould with easy blows the shoes of iron which to them are symbols of Good Luck.

Just as surely and easily Pinkobolic is moulding their lives towards habits of cleanliness and health. It is the all-round, good luck soap, so honestly made that it lasts longer than any other soap of its kind.

£10,000 IN CASH for Pinkobolic users. See particulars in cartons, or cut out this advertisement and send it with your name and address to £10,000 Dept., Joseph Crosfield & Sons Ltd., Warrington, for details of their great competition.

Look for the Horseshoe on the Carton.

PINKOBOLIC
"Good Luck"



JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LIMITED, WARRINGTON.

TRAGIC VIGIL OF A WIFE.**BLOOD TRANSFUSED IN VAIN.****TWO HUSBANDS LOST IN THREE YEARS.**

A warm tribute to a young wife's heroism and devotion was paid by medical witnesses from Guy's Hospital at an inquest at Southwark on a motor engineer named Vincent, of Sudlow-st., Frogmore, Wandsworth, S.W.

In their final efforts to save his life, the doctor saw a gleam of hope if blood transfusion could be secured.

Mrs. Vincent was in the ward at the time, while her husband lay unconscious. The vital spark was flickering feebly. There was just a remote chance that if his heart could be stimulated with blood to take the place of that which had been lost in a motor accident, a grim death might be defeated. But it needed to be done quickly.

"I implore you," supplicated the devoted wife, "to take what blood he requires from me. I must try and save him, at any cost."

Mrs. Vincent, looking little more than in her late teens, was found by the doctors to be healthy and strong. Yet she was suffering from the poignant grief of the loss of her six-month-old child, only a few weeks ago.

A pint of her blood was extracted and then transfused into her husband.

"Beyond feeling somewhat faint," she said to a representative of "The People," "I was little the worse. I insisted on getting up almost immediately, so very anxious, so full of hope, that my husband might be saved. But it was unavailing. He passed away without even getting sufficient consciousness to recognise me. It is so terrible, he should have died this way after all he passed through in the war."

Mr. Vincent, during the war, joined up with the 3rd Siege Battery, Royal Garrison Artillery, and passed unscathed through the following engagements:—Loos, September, 1915; Somme, July, 1916; Somme, advance, March, 1917; Bullecourt, April, 1917; Messines, June, 1917; Ypres Salient, 1917; Cam-

brai, 1917; the retreat, 1918; the great

When he met with the accident he was returning home, having accepted a lift in a motor-wagon. The vehicle became involved in a collision in Southwark, and Vincent sustained injuries which resulted in his death.

The life of the young widow is, indeed, a "broken melody." When quite a girl she had two sweethearts, the men being friends. In 1915 Vincent went to the war. The other remained in civilian occupation and married the girl whose affections he had courted. Then he became ill and died three years ago, leaving her with a child.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Vincent renewed his attentions and the two former sweethearts were married. They were extremely happy and a child was born. A few weeks ago the baby died.

Then followed the tragic death of the second husband, and the only solace left to the young widow is the four-years-old daughter of her first husband.



Mrs. Vincent.

GIRL'S SACRIFICE.**QUART OF BLOOD IN VAIN EFFORT TO SAVE SISTER.**

A girl's vain sacrifice of nearly a quart of blood to save her dying sister was disclosed at the inquest at Edmon-ton, N., on Miss Lilian Mabel Stevens (30), of Enfield Lock, Middlesex.

It was stated that Miss Stevens fell under a train at Enfield Lock Station after being struck by an open carriage door. Both her legs had to be amputated and volunteers were asked for blood transfusion. Every member of the family volunteered. Miss Ivy Stevens, her sister, was selected, and gave nearly two pints of blood. The injured woman rallied, but gangrene set in and caused death.

An allegation was made that someone had pushed Miss Stevens and caused her to fall. Mr. Young, for the relatives, said that the individual who had pushed the carriage door or who had pushed Miss Stevens down had not had the manliness to come forward.

The coroner, who recorded a verdict of "Accidental death," said that the police had not been able to find this missing witness.



Miss Ivy Stevens.

WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

Dolores (left), the famous beauty, has married a wealthy American. In the centre is Margot, another beautiful mannequin, while on the right is Hebe, an equally famous beauty, who was married a while ago.



(SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE.")

AFTER having been engaged three times, on each occasion to a millionaire, and each time breaking off the match because she was determined not to marry a man who wanted her solely for her beauty, Dolores, one of the most beautiful women in the world, has at last married for love and the lucky man is another millionaire hailing from the land of dollars.

Only a week or two ago one of Dolores' companions who vies with her for the crown of beauty was quietly married in Paris to a wealthy American. This was Hebe, a beautiful English girl named Hebe Vaseleur, who for a long time worked in London.

According to Mr. E. O. Hoppe, the well-known photographer and connoisseur, these girls should be bracketed with Margot, another mannequin in London, as the three most beautiful women in the world. All of them have been employed in exhibiting the creations of the leading modistes, and when fortune lead them to Paris, Hebe and Dolores left the saloons of fashion for the true happiness of matrimony.

Dolores was born in Wimbledon, and her real name is Marie Rose. When quite a small girl she went to work at Lady Duff Gordon's, where she did odd jobs, such as running errands and other little services.

Tired of such an occupation the ambitious young girl gave up her post and went to America, where she obtained

work in a modiste's shop. During this time her slender earnings were mainly used to support her widowed mother.

Then Dolores' chance came. It happened that her former employer arrived in New York, and to her went the beautiful girl to ask for a position in her show-rooms. She saw possibilities in the girl and promised to train her as a mannequin.

Thus it was that Dolores set her dainty feet on the ladder of fortune. The fame of her beauty was noised around the fashionable saloons of New York, and theatrical managers tumbled over themselves to secure her for their companies.

The girl's wonderful carriage, with her beautiful symmetry of face and form, made her the outstanding feature of any chorus, and she rapidly rose to a position that probably no other member of a beauty chorus has ever attained.

She became, in fact, the world's star chorus girl, and for merely leading that galaxy of beauty known as the Zeigfeld Follies, she was paid the enormous salary of £500 a week.

It is said that she alone was capable of filling the theatre to overflow. New Yorkers being prepared to bid almost fabulous sums for the privilege of sitting to watch her glorious movements.

Later she came to Paris followed by some ardent admirers, and it was here she met the true lover to lead her to

(Continued in next column.)

NEWMARKET LOSES "OLD KATE."**A FAMOUS CHARACTER KNOWN TO ROYALTY.**

Unless the edict of the police is withdrawn patrons of the Jockey Club stand at Newmarket will miss a familiar figure in the future.

"Old Kate," as she is universally known to followers of the sport of kings, had the temerity to be knocked down by a motor-car a fortnight ago, and for this heinous offence she has been "warned off" her old accustomed place on Newmarket Heath.

Her age is wrapped in mystery, but certain it is that she was considered old in the days when King Edward took a kindly interest in her, an interest which has been maintained by King George.

Although "Old Kate" has never received official recognition at Newmarket, it would be difficult for the oldest racegoer to remember a time when she was not to be seen at the entrance to the Jockey Club stand selling her cards, pencils and papers. Her cheerfulness, amiability and power of repartee have endeared her to numerous patrons, among whom can be numbered many distinguished people of the present and past generations.

In these days of doles it is inspiring to see an old woman maintaining herself by honest trade. She is as great a character at race meetings as was poor Fanny, the flower-girl, in London.

Racing people of all classes will welcome her return to her old pitch, where for so many years she has plied her humble trade.

The American attorney who made them man and wife.

Mr. Wilkinson, the lucky bridegroom, is well known on the turf, and is also an art collector.

During the war he served in the American Air Force, and in an interview he confessed the wedding, which is a true love match, is the happy climax to a long acquaintance. The bride and bridegroom intend to remain in Paris for a few weeks, and then return to America.

"Dolores is a sweet girl," said one who has known her from her childhood, "and although she was admittedly one of the most beautiful in the neighbourhood, her nature was in no way affected by the compliments that were showered upon her by all and sundry."

Her love for her mother is an example that might well be followed by any girl. We wish her every happiness in her married life.

DOCTORS SENT FOR TOO LATE.**SILLY PREJUDICE.****STRONG COMMENTS BY CORONERS.**

Two inquests held yesterday revealed that if properly qualified doctors had been called in time the lives of the persons concerned might have been saved.

James R. Twyford, aged 11, of Alden-rd., South Norwood, fell ill, and his parents called in Mr. Walter Heather, a herbalist, of Portland-rd., South Norwood. He attended the boy for three days, and gave him something to make him perspire.

His mother then the Croydon Deputy Coroner that she did not think the illness was serious until the boy's nails became black. Dr. Rose was called in and he arrived about 15 minutes before the boy died. She consulted Heather about all the children's ailments.

Dr. Rose said death was due to diphtheria.

A HERBALIST'S DIAGNOSIS.

Heather declared that his qualification was the diploma of the Medical Herbal Protection Association of Manchester, which came to him six years ago. Before that he passed an examination in anatomy and physiology. He saw no signs of diphtheria and treated the boy for a severe cold. Witness added that he had been a herbalist for fifteen years, and which he combined that business with boot-making.

The deputy coroner said that it had not been for the prejudice of the parents against doctors, the boy would have been alive to-day. He recorded a verdict of "Death from natural causes."

The other inquest was held at Cleverleys, Lances, on Frank Howard, 27, who died under singular circumstances. A police sergeant said there was no suspicion of foul play.

Howard's mother said her son had suffered from heart trouble for years. He would not allow her to see a doctor because he was a Christian Scientist. When a doctor was eventually summoned deceased was at the point of death. Her son had been treated by a Christian Scientist practitioner.

The coroner said that under proper medical care Howard might have had a partial recovery and got some element out of life. He supposed the reason the doctor was called was to get a death certificate.

POPULAR SONGS AND MUSIC IN "THE PEOPLE" EVERY WEEK.**I WANT SOME MONEY.**

(GIMME SOME, GIMME SOME.)

Sung by the Versatile Three.

Words by HERBERT RULE & FRED HOLT.

Music by L. SILBERMAN.

Moderato.

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NEXT WEEK:—"FOR EVERY BOY WHO'S ON THE LEVEL, THERE'S A GIRL WHO'S ON THE SQUARE," sung by Victoria Cramer

AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN—The new production of "The Merry Widow" is a triumph of the operatic art. The performance was a masterpiece of the kind, and the spirit everyone played in, I should say it was in for a long and prosperous run. George Graves was in capital form, and his humorous snapshot of the boarding-house keeper and the rissolo, "always suspect," with the remains of a couple of trout tickets and a portion of a bodkin in it, were great. I had a still more thrilling adventure in a first-class restaurant when I discovered a harpin in an omelette, and the only remark of the waiter was, "A mere accident, sir, and don't throw the harpin away as it will come in handy for the wife."

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MUSIC, PLAYS AND PICTURES



PRINCESS'S QUEST FOR HUSBAND.

LOVE AND LAUGHTER IN CLEVER NEW OPERA.

(By our dramatic critic.)

IN choosing Gustav Holst's "The Perfect Fool" for the opening production of their season at Covent Garden, the British National Opera Company have presented a new and vastly interesting work. Nothing quite like it has been produced at Covent Garden. Mr. Holst has been for some years the musical expert attached to St. Paul's Girls' School, where he is exceedingly popular. Holst is not only a musician of extraordinary gifts, but he has a sense of humour, musical and otherwise. He has written the libretto in a spirit of fun, and has brilliantly reproduced this humour in an original and fascinating score.

The story is fantastically devised. A princess comes to seek a husband. Among her suitors are a troubadour, a wizard, and a knight, with the aid of the spirits of Earth, Fire and Water, make a magic potion wherewith he shall become attractive to the princess. The origin of the former is obvious. One has stepped from Wagner's "Ring," and the other from an early Verdi opera. This is Holst's little joke, and brilliantly clever and amusing is the burlesque of the styles of the two masters. The troubadour, with his guitar, his top notes and his tricks, and the wizard, singing in the style of Wagner to a full orchestra, set the house rocking with laughter.

Neither of these suitors wins the princess, but a half-imbecile fool, whose mother, remembering a prophecy concerning her offspring that she

AN ARTISTIC REVUE.

GORGEOUS COLOUR SCHEMES IN "THE MUSIC BOX."

"THE Music Box Revue," which has come to the Palace Theatre by way of New York, is undoubtedly the best entertainment of this kind America has sent us. It is not only has humour, but also makes a great appeal to the eye and to the imagination. The production is a feast of colour. Scene follows scene in quick succession, every one more artistic than the last. There is a wonderful scene, in which the beautiful Ethelred Terry sings and dances in front of a huge fan screening a group of shawled girls, a dinner scene, with girls as oysters, chickens, and the rest of the menu; a pearl scene, an amusing sketch illustrating the unimportance of dialogue in a moving picture, and a satire on American divorce; all excellent and well presented.

The feature of the revue is the dancing. Everyone in the company can dance. From the chorus to the leading classical dancers, "Chester Hale and Albertina Vitach." The latter takes part in a ballet, "The Fountain of Youth," in which Chester Hale distinguishes himself as a statue dancing in the moonlight. Ronie Riano, a grotesque comedienne, is very funny, and she, too, can dance, and the troupe of the troupe, and Fred Fred, who there is a full and complete house rocking with laughter.

Neither of these suitors wins the princess, but a half-imbecile fool, whose mother, remembering a prophecy concerning her offspring that she

ROMANCE OF THE DESERT.

ORIENTAL GRANDEUR IN PICTURESQUE FILM.

A desert story which bids fair to be a serious rival in popularity to "The Sheikh," was privately shown at the Shaftesbury Pavilion last Tuesday. "The Tent of Allah" is a remarkable piece of work, beautifully photographed and so artistically produced that it is impossible to avoid at any improbability of its theme. Monte Blue makes a romantic and appealing American Arab hero, and he is ably supported by Mary Alden. Everbody concerned in this production is entitled to much praise.

Reels of Mystery. Sax Rohmer's well known stories of mystery have been used with good effect in the production of a series of fifteen two-reel episodes, emanating from the studios of the Stoll Company. The first four episodes, "The Scented Envelope," "The West Case," "The Clue of the Pigeon," and "The Call of Siva," were privately shown last week, and it was generally conceded that they are excellent entertainment. Fu Manchu, the sinister gentleman whose poster representation has been much in evidence for the past week or so, is effectively played by H. Agar Lyons, whose efforts are ably seconded by Fred Paul as a Police Commissioner. The films are excellently photographed and the interest is well sustained throughout.

"Sun Worship" in the West End.—That "The Sun Worshipers" has "caught on" and is drawing excellent audiences to the Royal Albert Hall, where the production for the past week or so is effectively played by H. Agar Lyons, whose efforts are ably seconded by Fred Paul as a Police Commissioner. The films are excellently photographed and the interest is well sustained throughout.

GREENROOM CHATTER.

The "Merry Widow" in for a Big Run. I saw a portion of the dress rehearsal of "The Merry Widow" on Friday last, and judging by the smoothness of the performance, and the spirit everyone played in, I should say it was in for a long and prosperous run. George Graves was in capital form, and his humorous snapshot of the boarding-house keeper and the rissolo, "always suspect," with the remains of a couple of trout tickets and a portion of a bodkin in it, were great. I had a still more thrilling adventure in a first-class restaurant when I discovered a harpin in an omelette, and the only remark of the waiter was, "A mere accident, sir, and don't throw the harpin away as it will come in handy for the wife."

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry at the King's. Mr. Maffioli has a big attraction for his patrons this week at the King's, Hamersmith. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry and actual company from the Apollo will appear in E. Tennie Thurston's play "A Roof and Four Walls."

Sybil Thorndike at the Wimbledon. Sybil Thorndike is appearing this week at the Wimbledon in "Advertising April." On Saturday next, at a matinee, this most gifted of English actresses will repeat her magnificent performance in Euripides' great tragedy "Medea."

A Versatile Young Playwright.—J. H. Hastings, the author of "The Lilies of the Field," to be produced in a few weeks' time at the Ambassadors, is still a very young man. He first caught the fancy of the London public when still a much younger subaltern with the Irish Intervent, produced by Lena Ashwell at the Kingsway. He is best known, however, as a bright author of revue, "Bobby" being one of the best specimens of that class of work.

A New Duologue by a Duchess.—Constance Duchess of Westminster is shortly to figure as a playwright. Her piece takes the form of a duologue, and the management of the Little Theatre are so taken up with it that they have put it into rehearsal, and it will be included in the programme of "The Nine O'Clock" revue within the next week or two.

AMUSEMENTS.

MADAME THURSTON'S EXHIBITION. MONDAY. Standing entirely alone, Madame Thurston has an ideal record for her exhibition. Her performance is a masterpiece of the kind, and the spirit everyone played in, I should say it was in for a long and prosperous run. George Graves was in capital form, and his humorous snapshot of the boarding-house keeper and the rissolo, "always suspect," with the remains of a couple of trout tickets and a portion of a bodkin in it, were great. I had a still more thrilling adventure in a first-class restaurant when I discovered a harpin in an omelette, and the only remark of the waiter was, "A mere accident, sir, and don't throw the harpin away as it will come in handy for the wife."

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PICTURE THEATRES.

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ALEXANDRA PALACE.

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Caring for The Eyes.

(Conducted by MIMI.)

ARGUING the point recently, a friend told me that he would rather be a thousand times blind than deaf. A deaf person, he said, was a suspicious person, consequently an unhappy one. I differ. Of these two great misfortunes I would, were the choice forced upon me, prefer deafness. And I think that there is no single one of the physical blessings which are bestowed upon us which we should cherish so carefully as the most precious one of sight.

And yet hundreds of people pay no attention at all to its "upkeep," but just go on straining the eyes, giving them neither rest nor care.

One of the most fruitful sources of eye-weakness is reading in bed. I know that hundreds and thousands of people will say "Booh!" It is not booh, but a very matter-of-fact truth. Any oculist will tell you so, but the chances are that you will not believe him. People will tell you that they can't go to sleep unless they read first. A bad habit they have got into, that's all.

Reading in bed is a strain upon the sight that counteracts a lot of the good which sleep will do for you. In nine cases out of ten the light will be badly placed, and the position of the reader—comfortably disposed amongst his pillows—is absolutely detrimental to the vision. The only reads easily when the book is held a little below the level of sight so that the eyes remain fairly open although slightly lowered.

There is nothing calculated to do more harm to the sight than holding the book so that one is obliged to look at it almost perpendicularly. If you must read in bed, fix the pillows so that you are almost upright and have the light placed above your head and behind you so that it reflects straight upon the book.

Another harmful thing is to read in moving trains, but not to do so on a

long journey would be a counsel of perfection that few would follow.

The strain and the jolting is lessened by reading print in long lines, as there is less muscular effort for the eyes in jumping while being rolled from line to line. Magazines not printed in columns are preferable to those whose pages are divided.

After an hour's continuous knitting or sewing it is beneficial to leave off the work for a minute and gaze straight ahead of you. This rests the eyes and enables one to see more clearly on re-starting the work.

Typists also should rest their eyes every hour or so.

The best way to do this is to close the eyes, cover them with the palms of the hands so as not to press upon the eyeballs, but sufficiently to exclude the light. If the eyes are very tired, it is possible that little waves of light will be seen. They will soon pass. Keep the hands over the eyes for a few more seconds. There is no one so busy that they cannot find one minute a day for the very simple help to sight-preservation.

The eyes should always be washed before retiring at night. Eye-cups can be purchased for a few pence at any chemist's shop. A weak solution of boric powder and water should be made, but plain water is better than nothing.

As soon as the eyesight appears to be failing, an oculist—not an optician—should be consulted. If glasses are prescribed they should be worn. It is worse than useless to consult a specialist, obtain the aid which is considered essential, and then from vanity refrain from using them as they should be used.

A countenance bearing traces of squinting and scowling, and bad temper induced by headaches, is not half so pleasant to look upon as that of an amiable person freed from such disabilities through wearing eye-glasses.



- No. 132.—Useful wrap coat for girls 10/12, 12/14, 14/16 years, with large collar and loose set in sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs. 6d.
- No. 133.—Smart tennis frock; the magray bodice is gathered into a wide band, and the skirt is fashioned with pleats and attached to the waist-band. 9d.
- No. 134.—Tennis shirt for men and boys 12/14, 14/16 years, with turn-down collar and patch-pocket. 6d.
- No. 135.—Simple double-breasted coat for little boys 2/4, 4/6 years, with the fronts turned back to form revers and attached to a small velvet collar. The skirt is attached to the bodice with an inverted pleat at the centre back. 6d.

Stock Pot of Kitchen Lore.

NEW potatoes are "in." This is welcome news, for there is no vegetable quite so delicious as the potato in the heyday of its youth. New potatoes should always be scraped, not peeled—that is when they are of the English and Jersey species. There is no alternative to the knife for dealing with the foreign variety.

The simplest method of preparing them is as follows:

Drop them into boiling, salted water to which a sprig of mint has been added. When tender, drain off the water, add a teaspoonful of milk, a small knob of butter and a dash of pepper. Shake until the potatoes are well coated and serve.

There are several other ways of preparing new potatoes.

GOLDEN POTATOES.—Scrape some small new potatoes, parboil them in salted water. Drain, cut each potato in half and place them in a pie-dish. Beat two eggs in three-quarters of a pint of white stock. Season with salt and pepper. Pour over the potatoes, place in a good oven, and bake until set. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

POTATOES MAITRE D'HOTEL.—Boil one pound of new potatoes in salted water in the usual way. Drain, add a quarter of a pint of milk and keep warm. Cream an ounce of butter, mix in one beaten egg yolk, a dessertspoonful of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Place the potatoes over a gentle heat. When they have almost absorbed the milk, stir in the egg and butter mixture, shake until the potatoes are thoroughly coated and serve in a hot dish.

UTILISING COLD NEW POTATOES.—Cold new potatoes make a delicious supper dish. Make some ordinary melted butter, flavour it well with lemon juice and season with pepper and salt. Half or quarter the cold potatoes according to their size. Lay them in a pie-dish. Pour the white sauce over them, cover and bake for twenty minutes.

SKIMMED MILK CHEESE.—Pour the milk by keeping at a temperature of 80 deg. F. to 85 deg. F. whilst weathering is cold. When very acid or tart, about 1 per cent. acidity, warm the sour milk to 84 deg. F., either in a wooden tub or other vessel over hot water to keep the temperature even. For four gallons take 20 drops Rennet. Mix with one pint of water. Stir in this milk for three minutes thoroughly, then agitate the surface for five minutes and cover. In one hour time it should be firm enough to cut. Cut the curd into cubes and leave whey to become more acid; do not become cool. Soon as curd starts to shrink and come from sides of vessel draw off the whey. Cut curd into small pieces, about three inches square, and pack in a vessel. Every ten minutes turn and pack. As soon as curd is nearly broken into small pieces, sprinkle with salt, 1 oz. to 2 lb. curd, and stir well. Pack into moulds lined with coarse cloth, press with about 3 lb. for three hours, then turn cheese and press with 3 cwt. for three days under pressure. Keep in room at 60 deg. F. ready to rise in three to five weeks.

If no double vat is at hand, improve with any wooden vessel of tin. Temperature can be kept up by standing the vessel in the milk full of hot water. Some of the whey taken out must be heated. Also if no tap to run off whey depress a cloth until reaching whey, ladle out the whey very carefully, and put into a cloth and wring out whey or sieve. Do not let curd be whey drained from it, or it will become watery. Whist draining, open out and curd occasionally. Keep warm until well drained, then proceed as directed.

The foregoing has been kindly contributed by an expert cheese-maker in reply to a request in last week's paper. It is slightly technical in its wording, but has been refrained from altering it, lest my ignorance I varied the formula.

THE HELPING HAND.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM DAMASK CLOTH COVERINGS.—Moisten two ounces of powdered fuller's earth, with a tablespoonful of spirit of turpentine, add 1 oz. salt of tartar, 2 oz. potash, and mix the whole with 4 oz. of shredded castile soap. Apply with a soft brush and lukewarm water to the covering. Sponge off with clean water and rub dry.

CARE OF SILVERWARE.—Silverware can be kept bright for months if placed in a large piece of camphor in an airtight case. To prevent articles of silver from tarnishing, first wash them and then paint them over with a thin solution of collodion in alcohol, using a wide soft brush for the purpose.

SMELL OF ONIONS.—This offensive odour can be removed from the breath by eating a little raw parsley dipped in vinegar. Some people also eat a few grains of coffee after having partaken of dishes containing this vegetable. The best of all plans, however, is to abstain from eating these dishes prior to going to a public entertainment.

HEAVY CAKES.—Heavy cakes are often the result of damp fruit. The best of all plans is to wash the fruit the day before it is required, but if this cannot be done wash and wipe after having been washed and placed on a plate laid on the top of the stove. Do not let it lie too long else the fruit will cook. Before putting in the cake, rub the fruit well over with a little dry flour.

"TANNING" WHITE SHOES.—When after many cleanings white shoes look grey and shabby, they can be transformed into tan shoes by the use of tannin or saffron. Mix ten drops with three spoonfuls of olive oil. Clean the shoes well, as soiled places will make a dark spot; then rub in the mixture with a flannel cloth. Two coats will be enough, and if the material from which the shoes are made is not worn they will look like new.

HINTS.—If a glass jar will not open, set it down in an inch or two of hot water. In a very short time you will be able to remove the stopper.

When you cannot have an egg beater, try using three forks instead of one.

A coat of clear varnish is a good thing to give straw matting before it is laid.

A small quantity of salt or alum sprinkled on the carpet will keep insects away.

When cutting new cake, dip your knife in cold water before cutting each slice. Sifted wood ashes put on a damp cloth will remove stains from tinware, glass or crockery.

If oatmeal is put to soak overnight in cold water it will only take half the time to cook in the morning.

When you have no old padding for the ironing-board, try a pad made of old newspapers under the ironing-sheet.

"THE PEOPLE'S" DOCTOR.

HEALTH HINTS FOR THE HOME.

ERYTHEMA—means redness of the skin of a patchy nature; with, or without a certain amount of swelling of the subjacent parts, according to the form it assumes.

Erythema Fugax is a variety of superficial redness seen in infancy, caused by indigestion, or teething. It is usually of a patchy nature, appearing suddenly, and its duration is transitory.

Erythema Intertrigo, another form, is met with where two surfaces come into opposition, as the buttocks in fat infants, or adults. The heat, moisture, and friction giving rise to a superficial redness with a mucous exudation which becomes decomposed, and swells the parts, rendering them hot and painful.

Erythema Solare, or Sunburn, is the redness produced by the direct rays of the sun, and frequently by reflection from water, or snow.

Erythema Pernio, or Chilblain, denotes the patches of redness on the hands, feet or ears of those who have a feeble circulation. Intense itching is experienced at particular times of day or changes of weather, as a thaw, or entering a warm room, or partaking of hot fluids. It neglected, blisters and ulcers form, which heal with great difficulty.

Erythema Nodosum is an affection consisting of well-defined, slightly raised, oval patches of a reddish-blue colour met with on the front of the legs, and very tender to pressure. They are commonly attended with rheumatic pains. Fresh crops succeed each other, lasting from a week to ten days.

Erythema Papulatum—We here get slightly elevated swellings of a bluish-red colour on the back of the hands and dorsum of the feet, sometimes on the forearms or legs. At times a series of concentric rings arise which exhibit an iridescent aspect, and are then named "Erythema Iris."

With regard to the management of these different forms, Erythema Fugax is relieved by attending to the digestion of the stomach by laxative, or correcting any indigestion present. Erythema Intertrigo will require great cleanliness as to washing, and nappies in infants, soap being used sparingly, and the parts well dried and dusted with a powder containing 10 per cent. boric acid in talc, or the appli-

cation of cold cream. In adults the parts should be first painted with a solution of nitrate of silver 10 grains to the ounce, and followed by a similar powder. Erythema Solare is best prevented by wearing a veil of a brown colour, or by painting the face with Calamine lotion containing a little water. Lining the hat with yellow is also advantageous. Erythema Pernio will require cod-liver oil, and tonic; while woolen socks, and gloves, and broad, easy boots should be worn. For unbroken chilblains the following is advantageous painted on at night: Resorcin 30 grains, tale 15 grains, mucilage of acacia, and water of each a drachm and a half. Erythema Nodosum will require rheumatic remedies, with warm fomentations and rest in bed. Erythema Papulatum needs a similar treatment.

In next Sunday's issue "The Doctor" will write an article on "Acne."

530-YEARS-OLD CLOCK.

Hours Struck with Battle-Axe Amid Clash of Arms.

Claimed to be the oldest piece of working mechanism in the world, the famous clock at Wells Cathedral, Somerset, which has been silent for some time, is now in working order.

The figure of Jack Blandford strikes the quarters with his foot and the hours with his battle-axe. The knights will also perform the clashing tourney every hour. It is the first time the battle-axe has worked for 40 years.

The clock was originally erected at Glastonbury Abbey by Abbot Lightfoot, about 1390, and was saved at its dissolution, and set up at Wells 275 years ago.

BALCONY DRAMA.

Already awaiting trial on the corner's warrant George Stephen Penny (37), headmaster of Marlborough Grammar School, at Marlborough, was sent for trial charged with the murder of his daughter, Joan, by throwing her from the balcony of his flat, the attempted murder of his wife, and attempted suicide.

Penny reserved his defence.

THE WORKERS' SEARCHLIGHT.

By ANDREW BUCHANAN, J.P.

SO much interest has been evinced in the co-operative schemes outlined in this column that I gladly respond to a suggestion to give details of another in operation at Bryant and May's.

Firstly, the co-partnership scheme presupposes the right of Capital and Labour to share in the profits of the undertaking. After the shareholders and partnership shares have received 8 per cent., the balance, after allowing for depreciation, etc., is shared equally between shareholders and employees.

During the last three years 272,000 has been paid over for employees' benefit and 264,000 of this sum distributed, the balance—47,000—being placed to the credit of the benefit fund. Partnership shares amount to 417,243.

Insurance. In addition, a non-contributory insurance scheme exists, which pays dependents of employees who die in the company's service £10 for each completed year of service, up to £200.

Unemployment. The unemployment scheme is equally interesting. A sum equal to 1 per cent. of the wages bill is set aside yearly until it equals 5 per cent. of the wages bill. Benefit is calculated at 50 per cent. of earnings, plus 10 per cent. for wife and 5 per cent. for each child under 16, until an average of 75 per cent. is reached. The State and trade union allowances are deducted, and it is an essential qualification that trade union membership is maintained. A pensions fund also enables employees to receive a pension on reaching the age of 60, which in the case of 40 years' service amounts to two-thirds of earnings, wages and salary.

By means of these schemes, which are the best of good wishes and congratulations on their co-operation, example of industrial co-operation.

Sound Economics. I have just read a most interesting treatise by Colonel D. C. McLagan, D.S.O., on "Insurance by Industry." He formulates that co-operation between employers and employees is the first step. Then he examines the various methods of the State scheme, the State scheme, industries contracting out, by industries with State assistance by separate firms; by separate industries; and by industry as a whole.

While agreeing with the Labour Party that the problem is not a local responsibility, it is wrong to describe it as "national." It is industrial. The State scheme is unsound and wasteful, and the contracting out unsatisfactory, as it is only industries with little or no employment who wish to contract out, such as the insurance profession, and the withdrawal of their contribution renders the State fund insolvent. I will give a further resume of the article next week. Colonel McLagan will give a lecture before the 1912 Club on June 12, at 7.30 p.m., on the "Economics of Housing." Readers who would like to attend should write to me when I can secure them an invitation.

The "Blues."

The Government having decided to extend the period for appeal against the new reassessment from 21 days till August 31, it had better take the next step and instruct the Inland Revenue officials that they must not automatically increase the assessment by 40 per cent. as 25 per cent. represents repairs, and repairs cost 100 per cent. over pre-war prices. Having taken this step, then they must take another and instruct where huge and enhanced prices have been paid by present occupiers for their houses, such should nullify any increased assessment. If the Government do not adopt this policy, they are looking for trouble.

Any Old Job.

Labour Exchanges are anathema to me, and I long for the time when under a re-organised and more humane industrial system they will be wiped out and their officials, taken off the backs of the taxpayers, devote themselves to useful production. Here we have employers utilizing exchanges as a means of finding suitable employees, and workers obtaining them as far as possible. The committee investigating domestic service had before them Mrs. Parker, of the Leeds Labour Exchange, who informed them that her job was to get girls "to realise that domestic service is not anyone's old job to be done in any old way." I should like to have asked Mrs. Parker if she thought that any old exchange was any old good as any old time.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY GRANDA FUNBOY

A LITTLE SURPRISE BY THE SEA.



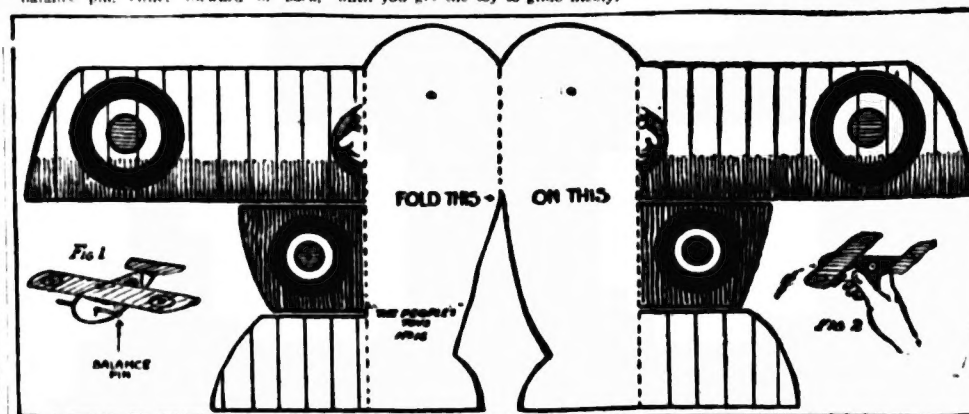
MY DEAR LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE Whiffen sea air seems to be making Peggy and Peter far too lively, at all events too lively for me!

Now who would dream that a nice heap of sand had a donkey hidden under it, which came to life directly it was sat upon? But you can see that is what happened, and it is all very well for master Peter to tell me he thought I should enjoy the surprise, and that, anyhow, it was unkind to sit on a poor donkey when it was having a sleep—I know better. Oh, I shall have to get a governess for those two rascals!

"THE PEOPLE'S" TOY CUPBOARD.—A MADE-IN-A-MINUTE AEROPLANE

This toy needs neither gum nor card. Just carefully cut it out round its outline, then bend the centre sides together, raise the front and tail wings level, and bend down the side pieces with circles on them. Now push a pin halfway through the body, as in Fig. 1, near the front of the aeroplane. Hold the aeroplane level as in Fig. 2, and let it gently drop—don't throw it. If at first it falls, instead of gliding, keep altering the position of the balance pin, either forward or back, until you get the toy to glide nicely.



ANOTHER FINE TOY FOR YOU NEXT WEEK.



Ooh! Mabel's taken all the Maison Lyons TOFFEE

6d.
Per 1/2 lb.

But Mabel's not going to have it for long. They are all after her like a shot. They know how rich and creamy it is, so every body means to have a share.

When once you've tried one of those ripping little pieces of Maison Lyons Toffee, you feel as if you must have one more. And you know that of all the other kinds of Toffee you ever had there wasn't one that was quite so scrumptious.

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AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., London, W.

IN the great game of betting on racehorses fortunes are won and lost in a day.

Cornelius Foy, the famous jockey, in his remarkable stories of the Turf, tells to-day of the tragic gamble of a merchant who stood to win £40,000 on the Derby, but was rewarded with ruination.

THE GREAT GAMBLE OF THE TURF.

ONE BET THAT MEANT RUIN INSTEAD OF £40,000.

(By CORNELIUS FOY, the Famous Jockey.)

HAPSBURG'S Derby, as many will remember, took place in 1914. I had been more than usually successful in the three preceding years, and looked forward at last to satisfying my ambition to ride the winner of the Derby.

The beginning of the season found me more than ordinarily slow in setting down. At Lincoln and Liverpool the riding of winners is always more of luck than by judgment. The form of horses is unknown, and even the severest of our trainers hesitates before backing a horse. In those first weeks of the "Flat" it is all chance work and, as I have said, luck was not with me at the time of which I am writing.

As the Epsom classic approached, however, I began to "find my feet," perhaps I had better say so. For, I was without a mount, and my hopes of weighing-in at Epsom became more and more unlikely. But I was never one to despair, and the luck changed when I rode Quixtus at Kempton Park.

Jockey as Spectator.

If it is once rumoured that a jockey is out of form, if he is unfortunate enough to lose one or two races by a short head, the inborn superstition among racing men makes itself apparent, and it is a difficult thing for him to get a ride. That was the position in which I found myself at the early part of 1914.

As a matter of fact, I was riding as well as ever, but nobody would believe me.

For the first time for years I had perforce to watch the race for the Two Thousand Guineas from the stands. This was more than a little galling to me. However, it does not do to let people see that a jockey has any feelings, so I walked about the Ring and paddock as if I did not care a jot.

Kennymore, one of Alec Taylor's, whom I had ridden at exercise with a view to this race, was favourite for the first of the class. He was a magnificent brown colt, owned by John O'Gaunt-Croceum, and had occupied the place of honour in the spring during the winter. I had a good look at the field in the paddock and must admit that Kennymore took my fancy more than any other.

The race itself was a good, old-fashioned "thriller." When the field

reached the Bushes, they were all in a cluster, and it would have been difficult to say who was going to win. However, coming up the hill the favourite drew out, but was closely followed by Coreyra, ridden by O'Neill. Locked together these two magnificent creatures raced neck and neck to the post. The crowd around me were roaring, and for the first time in my life I found myself carried away. It did not matter to me which won, but there was cheering like mad. When I realised this I must admit I glanced around me guiltily, like a little boy who has been caught among the jampots in the pantry.

After a short delay, during which the backers of Kennymore and Coreyra both declared that their horse had gained a winning bracket, the favourite's number shot up into the frame as having won by a short head. Seeing this, I dashed back to the paddock, and was one of the first to congratulate George Stern upon his victory.

A short while afterwards Sir Ernest Cassel's secretary, Mr. Boyd Rocheford, approached me and asked if I would care to ride Hapsburg at Epsom. Of course, I was delighted, and literally jumped at the offer, not so much because I thought the horse would win, but because it assured me of a mount in the greatest event of the year.

Luck Still Out.

I returned to my home that evening more than a little jubilant. The first thing I did as to look up Hapsburg's form. Of course, I knew it all fairly well already, but wished to refresh my memory. To my surprise, I found he had been well backed for the Two Thousand Guineas—being only 10 to 1 for that race—in which he had been ridden by F. Rickaby. The book showed that he had finished a good fifth, and I seriously began to think that I stood a decent chance of winning the Derby, after all.

Rumour spreads nowhere more quickly than in the racing world, and almost before I had realised it myself, it became known that Sir Ernest Cassel had engaged me for Hapsburg.

At the Newmarket meeting, May 12, my luck was still dead out. I rode Premiere in the Norfolk T.Y.O. Plate, and finished fourth. In the Newmarket Handicap, on The Curragh, Wing beat me three-quarters of a length on Mr. H. Sadler's Jim White, and I left the course with a feeling rather akin to despair.

As I was a little over my usual weight and had no mount in the last race, I decided to walk from the course. I was making my way across the Heath when a man overtook me. It seemed that he knew who I was, for he condescended to me on my bad luck.

"Are you going to win on Hapsburg?" he asked me presently.

"Really, it is impossible for me to say," I replied, laughing. "Of course, I shall try; but the Derby's a funny race, and—well, you know, I didn't ride in the Two Thousand, so I don't know the form."

"I quite understand that," said my companion; "but haven't you any idea what sort of a chance Hapsburg stands?"

"No, not the faintest," I answered abruptly.

"I'm sorry if you think me inquisitive or that I'm trying to extract stable secrets from you," the man went on; "but I'm more than a little interested in Hapsburg. However, I mustn't worry you with details; I'll simply add that if you manage to win on Hapsburg you are on £1,000 from me."

£40,000 at Stake.

To say that I was astonished to hear this is to put it mildly. For a minute I was too thunderstruck to reply, and my companion took advantage of my silence to say: "You see, I have backed Hapsburg heavily. As a matter of fact, I plunged on him for the Two Thousand Guineas, and when he lost, took all the best prices I could get for the Derby. I stand to win between £20,000 and £40,000 over him for the Epsom race. Don't you really think you've got a chance?"

"I'm very much afraid not," I replied, having somewhat recovered from my astonishment.

At this frank reply to his question, the stranger seemed anything but pleased. However, feeling it would be kinder to tell him the truth instead of bolstering up his hopes, I proceeded to tell him know exactly what I thought about the race.

I told him I had witnessed the race for the Guineas, and could not see how Hapsburg could reverse that form. I added that in my opinion Kennymore would have improved considerably by the time Epsom came round.

In spite of all this, however, the man's faith in his choice remained unshaken.

On our separating he gave me his card, on which he was described as a

merchant, and there were two addresses, one in London and the other in Hertfordshire. I could give his name, but refrain.

On Thursday, May 21, I journeyed to Doncaster, but again ill-luck dogged me. I rode in four races on that particular day, but could not catch the judge's eye. The next day it was much the same. I rode Susa and Spenser, being fifth on the former and second on the latter.

At Windsor, the Saturday before the Derby, I was engaged to ride Robert Lee and New York, so I was an early arrival on the course. Having reported, I was strolling in the paddock, when I encountered my Newmarket acquaintance, the merchant. He questioned me at once about Hapsburg's chance in the Derby.

Warning Unheeded.

About a quarter of an hour before the first race I turned to leave him, making the excuse that I had to change. But he seemed to know that I had no engagement for the first event, and kept me talking until finally I agreed to dine with him that evening at Frascati's.

Having carried out my afternoon's obligations without any startling results, I found myself once more in the company of the merchant. We rushed to town in his car.

Over dinner he told me that he was out for a real big gamble on Hapsburg. He said he felt confident the colt would win and had continued to back my mount, despite my warning.

After dinner I again impressed upon him not to expect too much of Hapsburg. I told him the colt was a good one, and that I should, of course, do my very best to win.

The Epsom Derby meeting of 1911 opened on Tuesday, May 26. It was glorious weather, and as I made my way over the Downs to the course, I began to think that my run of bad luck was about to change. However, once again my hopes were falsified. I certainly won on Prevoyant in the last race of the day for Mr. Cindell, but on the two previous mounts, Matchbreaker and Umbria, I was what is known as "down the course." In these circumstances, therefore, I do not count that day as one of the most successful of my career.

When I arrived on the course the following morning, the actual day of the Big Race, the air was full of rumours regarding a French horse—Durbar II. From all accounts this animal was a wonder horse, but like many

other experienced racing men, I refused to believe it. I had so often heard similar stories about imported horses, always with the same miserable ending, that I think my scepticism was justified.

At last the moment came for me to don Sir Ernest Cassel's colours. This I did with a curious feeling of excitement. Why I cannot say. It was not, however, any thought of monetary gain, for neither Sir Ernest nor the merchant entered my mind.

Durbar II.

When the actual moment for mounting Hapsburg, who was 33 to 1, came, my nervousness disappeared. I received my instructions from Mr. Halsey, the trainer, with perfect composure, and made my way out on to the course.

The Parade before the stands for the Derby is always an impressive ceremony, but as I took my place on the string led by the King's horse, Brake-spear, I wished most heartily for it to end. With something like thirty horses trained to the minute and more than a little fresh, that parading up and down becomes a dangerous business.

One of the first horses to catch my eye was the French horse, Durbar II., and I must admit he looked a "good 'un" as he walked round with Macegee upon his back. Dan Russell, Black Jester, and Kennymore, the favourite, also looked fit to run for a king's ransom. Peter the Hermit, a rather common-looking colt, and an unexpected runner, cantered past me as the Parade broke up, whilst Magyar and My Prince, with Walter Earl in the saddle, accompanied me on the way down to the starting-gate.

Once under the starter's orders, the favourite, Kennymore, caused a lot of trouble. Prancing round, he upset the line time and time again. After each of these bouts I turned Hapsburg, and then walked him slowly up to the tapes, but both of us got a little tired of continually repeating this performance. In the end, however, the starter ignored the champing favourite, and sent us away to a fair start, leaving Kennymore some lengths behind us.

Immediately we were on the move, I made a dash for the rails. I knew from experience what a tremendous amount a good position meant at Tattenham Corner, and made up my mind not to be left "in the rack."

The first half-mile of the Derby course, as many know, is slightly on the ascent, but Hapsburg carried me

over it in wonderful style. At the mile post, where the new course runs into the old, I was lying third and still going well. In front of me the French horse moved like a piece of machinery; I could not, however, recognise the other's colours. As we raced down the hill for the winning post, the thunder of hoofs became deafening, and the pace a "cracker."

I saw the white faces of the crowd as I flashed by, and one of the horses in front faltered and dropped back. I passed it in a few strides, and began to have visions of achieving my greatest ambition. The winning post was dangerously near now. I gave Hapsburg two sharp cuts with the whip, and for a moment it seemed that the French horse was coming back to race. But it was not to be.

With only about fifty yards to go, Macegee asked his mount for a final effort, and to my mortification I saw the colt drawing away from me. Another second and we flashed past the post, beaten by three lengths.

My return to the paddock was anything but a cheerful affair. To have been so near victory without being able actually to snatch the plums was galling enough. However, I took off my depression, congratulated Macegee, and decided to make the best of a bad job.

Having no mounts in the next two races, I donned my coat and strolled out of the dressing room to the merchant waiting for me. He was white to the lips and shaking like a leaf.

"Cheer up," I said, "things aren't as bad as all that, are they?"

"They are, Foy," he replied, hoarsely; "I've lost every penny I possess."

Ruined.

"Good heavens," I said, "do you mean to say you didn't back it for a place?"

"No, I never do back each way," he replied. "I wish to heaven I had. As it is I'm completely ruined."

About three years after this I saw the merchant again at the Newmarket races. He was shabbily dressed and would have passed me by; but I stopped him and asked him how he was getting on.

"Oh, I'm clerking to a bookmaker in the Silver Ring now," he replied. "I've never really got going since I backed Hapsburg. My business went wrong, and I've had to take to this game to earn a living."

There you have the story of Hapsburg's failure, and I think it should act as a healthy deterrent to any of my readers who might have been misled by the Sikh coup into thinking that the game of racing is an easy way to wealth.

Cornelius Foy

Next Week: "RIDING FOR THE KING."

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For the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure. The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out and finally cures it entirely.

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From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

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THE BIG HEART: MODERN STORY OF LOVE AND INTRIGUE: By JOHN G. BRANDON.

CHAPTER XVI—(Continued).

"It's a lie!" screamed the woman, with blazing eyes, confronting Dargan with clenched hands, her bosom heaving passionately. "Is it?" laughed Mr. Dargan. "Not on your life, it isn't!" He turned to the astonished Mr. Dobson. "What d'ye want, Howarth?" "Ah—abducting a woman," responded Mr. Dobson in slightly bewildered fashion. "Two of 'em, in fact!" The woman looked towards him as though stupefied. Mr. Dargan grinned. "There y'are, kid, y' got it straight. Take it easy, he said. 'She's got him, or what's left of him—a hell of a much good that'll be to her.' "What d'ye mean?" uttered the woman hoarsely. "Want t' know?" demanded Mr. Dargan, frowning. "What is it?" Her eyes burned into him and she watched every muscle of his face. "What's happened to him?" "He's stuffed!" said Mr. Dargan flatly. "He and Poltaro quarrelled over the women and the gunman croaked him." Mr. Dobson gazed at his confidant in profound amazement; then a hoarse low moan of agony from the woman turned him quickly. Her hands were clenched above her head, and again the cry came from her lips—a cry so loaded with poignant anguish, that it moved the stolid Englishman to his depths. "Hart," she uttered hoarsely, "my husband—my—then broke off with a great shudder of fear. "Got ya," he remarked with a grin. She stared at him vacantly, a dull red flushing her neck and face. "Cut it," he ordered sharply. "You're mine, Mrs. Bart Howarth, alias 'Cheyenne Lou.' I got you where I want you—you're mine!" The colour died from her face, and without a sound she fell prone to the floor. Mr. Dobson's face, as he helped to lift her to the bed, was not wreathed in smiles at the success of his *con/wine* endeavour. "It may be clever," he remarked coldly, "but it's damned brutal." "That so?" responded Mr. Dargan with laconic indifference. "Merciless," added Mr. Dobson. "Merciless and inhuman!" He was really very indignant.

CHAPTER XVII.

Some Unexpected Happenings.

The elderly commissioner came into the room, a frowny looking envelope in his hand. He approached Mr. Blakeley, and saluting, presented him with it. The Honourable Bill received it gingerly. "What the neuce is this, sergeant," he inquired dubiously. "I fancy," interjected Patrick, "ye'll get some more information from that on the state of things." He handed it to him in the street, answered the sergeant with a most correct and bluff statement of happenings: "To be given to the Honourable Bill Blakeley at once, sir. His very words. Rough customer, I should say. American. Very urgent, he said, and having read it you were to stand pat—his words, sit-upon information received." Mr. Blakeley turned the envelope over to a state of complete mystification. "Right ho, sergeant," he said. "I expect I'll know what it's about when I read it." The sergeant saluted and departed with the air of a man who has negotiated a touchy piece of business entirely to the satisfaction of his superior officers. Mr. Courtenay, his eyes still glued to the window, showed signs of rising impatience. "What the devil is it?" repeated the Honourable Bill, again turning the missive over in his hands. "Read it," advised his companion with blunt acidity. "And out. Time won't stand still while you sit and gawp at it. Read it, you ass, while I watch the clock brought it." In a flash the Honourable Bill was at the window and peering over Mr. Courtenay's shoulder. "What d'ye demanded shortly. "In that doorway," answered Paddy, "eighty-up—other side." "The Honourable Bill started. "What?" he exclaimed. "It's the tin-eared man!" "What he's bally well got to say," howled Patrick at him in dire exasperation. "It may be—Heaven only knows what!" The Honourable Bill, Mr. Blakeley turned the envelope and feverishly scanned its contents. It had evidently been a subject of severe mental pounding, as he stumbled along as follows:— "Dear Friend Blakey,—You am me is again in it in busin' was sent to me by a man that was being heavily under. I am a kid, a duble Ner but a guy is in for see what is sure on the show. Not said. On the stairway so he foky. The kiddo—was my pal his Erdoum—good. Ain't nuthin' done him no dirt I seen to that. Git me. Also them my's all A.I. an' no complianes. Stan when was I speli that are O.K. an' good as an. The big breede tried a jerk on the big son. Mike & an' has got I think for keeps. An' facin out to Kiddo back to big house. Savvy. An' an me is sure maybes. He seen you an' tel hees Maw hees fit an' and. And so say nuthin' down that get the Bill. "Heck says ye'll sure wallup hell out when we have t' go, well a square go no ruffhouse an' a clene brake is we'll get every time. I was a champion box weight once an' a light fare. "You mayer. Don wurry kiddo nor me, O.K. A Friend. "P. The kiddo is a sure fonde of me. But an' them Dames is the kids don't frette. "Don forget Kiddo Maw the intress to tel her. I promise!" "Long did the Honourable Bill stand in silent amazement at the little Paddy turned sharply on his ally no man was forthcoming. "Honourable Bill's eyes were sunning in a mist as he thrust the letter into Mr. Courtenay's hand. "He's a white lion," he said huskily. "I never hee a crack or a crook. He's a first class of comfort we've had and I'm damned grateful to him." "He turned and initiated Mr. Courtenay's calculating trick—his emotion plainly evident. "That gentleman read the letter slowly, delayed it carefully, and put it in his pocket. "I know," he said, and he likewise was none too clear in tone. "I knew by the look of his face—he was a good feller. Damn him," ejaculated the Irishman

ETHEL M. DELL

BEGINNING ON
JUNE 3

The People

Will publish in serial
form Ethel M. Dell's
splendid story,

GREATHEART

fondly, "his letter is like—like a breath of heaven."

They were well upon the road in the moonlight before Mr. Dargan in the rear of the motor lead to his feet with a sudden spring that nearly threw him from the big open car. "Joe," he whispered nervously to his companion. "What the devil's that under our feet?" Mr. Dobson, drawing from his pocket a flash lamp, stooped and examined the cause of Mr. Dargan's discomfiture. He found himself peering into one miening black eye which regarded him unblinkingly. A cursory examination of the gaunt, savage-looking head to which the eye belonged, caused him to withdraw somewhat hastily. "It's that bull-terrier—the one that tackled Howarth and the rest of the gang," he said.

"Joe," answered Mr. Dargan solemnly. "Don't you tell me dogs don't know what's going on. That's a fighting dog he knows we're going to get to grips; his instincts told him; and he's going to be in at it. He's stole away." "Shall we let Courtenay know he's here?" asked Mr. Dobson. "Not a sound!" uttered Mr. Dargan. "That dog's got something to pay back;



"BY GAD,"
HE EXCLAIMED
"IT'S THE TIN-EARED
MAN!"

he's like me. I wouldn't rob him of his mouthful of the drive for all the money in Wall Street."

In Town they drove first to the Club for word of the Major of which there was none—and then to Mr. Courtenay's rooms where by telegram and telephone a conclusive of the street had been called.

A violent rattle over the door brought Clamper from the kitchen and the frying of bacon with a rush. "It was a telegram addressed to Captain Courtenay care of the Honourable William Blakeley, put in at Tibbury at five minutes to eight the previous evening, too late for transmission. It ran as follows:—

Meet me Tibbury Station ten to-morrow night come along big gang bring stuff for dog Abraham.

"What did I tell ye?" demanded Patrick triumphantly. "An' what the devil does he mean by stuff for dog?"

"Poison, you can bet your life," answered Mr. Dargan briskly. "Means there's a dog around there that's savage and will give the alarm. Well, so it is along on chance."

"Two big cars, Ferris," ordered Paddy excitedly. "Limousines. You'll take one and Bill the other. Let's see, there'll be a ban a finger over the assembly—five, and Mr. Dobson makes six. We'll leave here at eight to-night."

Mr. Clamper, a frying-pan of sizzling bacon in his right hand, and upon his classic features an expression of the most profound disapproval, approached Mr. Courtenay to the detriment of that gentleman's clothing.

"You ain't leavin' me aht o' this little pocket, Mr. Courtenay," he exclaimed; "not after the way I helped you with that copper-coloured piece," warned Mr. Courtenay, eyeing Mr. Clamper with a beam.

"Accordin' to you so was the Kestral clock," retorted Mr. Clamper, his tone in his quiet, somewhat lacking in respect. "Pl'et it aht so rough as wot I said. Female lady was it, say nothink of being brought the leg by a bleeding young ex-civilian. Anyhow, I'm again," asserted Mr. Clamper.

"Clamper," interrupted the Honourable Bill, "you've been listening."

"Nashit," answered Mr. Clamper, "I'm again if I falls up in a taxi on my own, and gets the push in moderate."

At ten thirty, as the party was upon the point of breaking up, a second telegram arrived from Tibbury, a cryptical document, save to those who were in the know.

Following mine last night I expected property large house very strong big garden high walls observe two girls parties rough Italians splendid dog

large savage gates chained dont forget meat for same. Station ten bring James and tools. Abraham."

"Who the devil does he mean by James?" inquired Mr. Carrington. "Met."

"He means Joe," came in a fierce whisper from the kitchen. "Joe Clamper."

"He means a Jenny and tools to break in," corrected Mr. Dargan. "Couldn't very well wire that openly. They'd have had him inside pretty quick. I take back what I said about Ahey. For a down and out bum he's panned out to the good."

"Down and out!" exclaimed Mr. Courtenay. "By this time to-morrow he'll be a man of substance looking for a business."

"Sure," said Mr. Dargan laconically. "If something don't get him in the rough-up to-night, or Jake Schornhurst don't give him a couple of Banks to play with and ruin the poor guy," he added.

It would be difficult to express adequately the state of the feelings of either Messrs. Courtenay or Blakeley as the Honourable Bill swung the powerful limousine, of which he and Paddy formed the outside passengers, slowly past the station at Tibbury upon this flawless, moonlit night. Inside, reposed Mr. Dargan, and upon the seat beside him, his one optic glued upon the back of Mr. Courtenay's head which he could see through the bevelled glass front, sat the bull-terrier, Old Punch.

The still larger car, following at a judicious distance, piloted by the skilled hand of Mr. Ferris, contained an unusual amount of adventures. In addition to Mr. Joseph Dobson and Mr. Carrington, V.C., were two gentlemen of immense brown who had disguised themselves as navies.

The Honourable Bill was slowing down by the station, when a furtive-looking object, attired in a new sloopmade suit, such accentuated the cadaverousness of his hawk-like face, sprang upon the foot-board, and with a frenzied gesture to the driver to keep going, swung open the door and fell inside to narrowly avert sudden extermination at the teeth of Old Punch, who exhibited great resentment at this unprecedented mode of arrival.

Abraham? fired the detective, gripping the dog by the collar firmly.

"Yes," emitted the agile one, frosen with terror.

"Good man," commended Mr. Dargan; and Old Punch, perceiving that all was well, subsided with guttural growlings and mutterings of disapproval.

"Turn round," ordered the Honourable Bill.

"Them goods got me so fixed what they think they're clever guys all in' way home to their mothers," grinned Mr. McGraw sleepily. "They want's wot I never meant makin' no kick. I knew trouble was round—an' aw what—hell!" he exclaimed suddenly as the Honourable Bill slipped his cuffs and tossed them upon the table with a metallic clink.

"You can go where you like, Jerry," announced the Honourable Bill quietly. "We'll call it square with you."

"And for the love of Heaven, man!" beseeched Paddy almost with tears in his eyes, "try the—the straight game. Ye'll be all right if ye'll only try."

Mr. McGraw gazed at them silently for a moment, then sank into his chair, upon his face an expression of the most unguessed amazement.

"Well, he whispered slowly, "youse guys, youse what youse, an' youse hands me the kid's stuff."

"Jerry," laying a hand upon his shoulder, "you're not the first man that's got off the straight track, and you won't be the last, he went on slowly, "to get back to it. It's always there, if a man's game to try to find it."

Mr. McGraw looked at him a moment incredulously, then stared again into the empty fireplace.

"That's so," he answered missing. "Yes, I know that certainly is so. If a guy's in it."

"What you're in it?" demanded Paddy arrogantly. "Man, don't throw away the chance, that's given you."

For some thirty seconds Mr. McGraw stared in silence into the fireplace, then he rose and shook his great shoulders back.

"I'm standin' in with the angels," he said very slowly. "It's for that I'll hold everythin'."

"Good," said Mr. Blakeley heartily with a leap from his chair. "Say, Blakey, M. McGraw with a sudden frown. "I knowed it. I told you. I said, 'Youse what youse, an' youse hands me the kid's stuff.'"

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lend us the key of the handcuffs for ten minutes."

Mr. Dobson, eyed with amazement by his junior assistants, took from his pocket his own cuffs, handed them to one of his men, and passed the key to Mr. Courtenay.

"You're a pair of idiots," he said wearily, "but I suppose there's nothing else to be done."

"Don't th' thing," replied Mr. Courtenay with his engaging grin; "and—thank ye."

Mr. Dobson nodded to his two assistants and they started on their errand.

Up and down the platform Paddy and the Honourable Bill waited for Mr. Dargan to conclude a little examination of the despatch upon which he had insisted.

"How are ye," ventured Patrick in a confidential whisper, and a glance towards the two stalwarts standing guard over the outer portals of the station-master's office, "how are ye for money?"

"Paddy," returned the Honourable Bill grumpily, "I wrote a cheque to-day."

Mr. Courtenay fished in the pocket of his old tweed suit. "Ye'll give him this from me, anybody," he said, thrusting a carefully-tied packet upon his companion. "I will help him to a new star," he added.

"If he goes that way," rejoined Mr. Blakeley thoughtfully.

"Even if he doesn't be may as well go to the devil on a last stomach as an empty one," said Paddy practically. "We owe him that, anyway."

"Does he know we're going to let him go?" asked the Honourable Bill quickly. "Mr. Dargan grinned. "No; you can give him the key, news yourcase."

"Then the look the Honourable Bill slipped quietly into the office. Seated in a chair, his hands cuffed behind him, his hat upon a table near by, was the prisoner, McGraw. There was something terribly painful in the dejected droop of the head, the faded, weary, and almost fearful eyes that stared morbidly at the floor.

"Say, boys," he said with the faintest twinkle of his tired eyes. "Youse come in on the last game. It's me for de ol' Sing Sing place up the river when they like me to look an' McGraw shares is sure down to ten cents a bundle."

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SEE BRITAIN FIRST! FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM AND ACUTE KIDNEY TROUBLE.

TORQUAY'S LESSON FOR ALL HOLIDAYMAKERS.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

I have always been sympathetic towards any movement which may have the effect of making Britain better known to Britons.

If the scheme of Torquay's development authorities for inviting representative pressmen to the town and providing for them a round of sight-seeing does nothing else, it should be commended.

The beauties of nature can never be reproduced on a poster (one of the few methods available to a resort for putting its claims before the public), nor, for that matter, can written words adequately convey the delights which abound in Britain for the seeker after health and pleasure. But they can claim for our agency its rightful dues.

A phrase used in praise of a particular place or personality is liable to be clipped from the tongue so often that it becomes almost meaningless. I think of the moment of "Glorious Devon," spoken and sung of for generations. What does it convey if the spoken words are not thought about?

If Devon—and here I speak in the broader sense and embrace the whole country—is "glorious" why do holiday-makers turn their thoughts to foreign shores? That is one of the difficulties facing all our resorts. And Torquay is to be congratulated in an attempt to turn the wayward feet home-wards.

Torquay as one of our most favoured resorts is proud of the beauties with which it is surrounded. It is therefore, doing its best to make them easy of access to visitors. A new Marine Drive is one of its latest efforts, and is typical of the new spirit of enterprise which has captured the town. Over a mile in length, the drive runs through Ham Valley and opens up some magnificent scenery.

Visits to the surrounding country, which were arranged for the guests of the town, only serve to strengthen the advice I have already tendered—see Britain first!

Alice Landles, Certified Nurse, explains a natural and permanent cure at home by the same treatment as used in hospitals.



When even slight kidney derangement is neglected there is not only the risk of Bright's disease, dropsy, or other practically incurable maladies, but the certainty that rheumatic disorders must eventually result. I know from years of hospital experience that rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, bladder disorders, or gleet, etc., are all simply the penalties of neglected kidneys which have become weakened so that they cease to excrete the constantly accumulating uric acid and urates. However, no one need be a martyr to these complaints for a single day. Simply flush, cleanse and purify the kidneys occasionally by drinking a tumbler of water to which a level teaspoonful of pure refined *Alka Seltzer* has been added. Any chemist can supply this pleasant-tasting compound at slight cost, and *Alka Seltzer* also dissolves sharp uric acid crystals as hot water dissolves sugar. When dissolved they cannot be harmful, nor lodge in joints and muscles; also, the acid is then quickly filtered out and expelled by the kidneys. The saltated water will also stimulate a torpid liver or clogged intestines, clearing them and the entire system of poisonous impurities or acids, sour bile, mucus, and bacteria.—A.L.

BREW YOUR OWN BEER! THE FINEST ALE OR STOUT. Can be brewed at home at pre-war prices from one packet of Pure Malt and yeast. Full directions in packets. Cost to brew six or eight, 21 gallons 1.8. 8 gallons 2.8. 12 packets 2.8. 12 packets 2.8. 12 packets 2.8. YARDE & CO., Dept. Northampton

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Knight's Castile is a pure, uncoloured, sweetly perfumed toilet soap. Although not expensive, it is the soap preferred by ladies who can afford to use the best. For a limited time only, every purchaser of a complete 12-tablet box of Knight's Castile Soap will find in it a pure Irish Linen Hemstitched Embroidered Lady's Handkerchief, 12 in. x 12 in., manufactured by Robinson and Cleaver's.



Meltis Dessert CHOCOLATE "melts in the mouth."



Let "Coming Fashions" advise you what to wear this summer.

If you wish to know what will be worn for tennis or on the river, or what Fashion has decreed in charming little frocks—in fact, if you want the best hints for any outward attire whatsoever for the coming summer, consult "COMING FASHIONS."

In the May number, Mary Whitley gives you a privileged peep into Fashion's Mirror in her authoritative article which treats of pale tinted voices and music in apple-blossom pink and other delicate shades of simple morning frocks, afternoon frocks, evening frocks. You will find everything you wish to know in the May number.

COMING FASHIONS One Shilling Monthly.

